



나는 군주다

I am the monarch

철종금 판타지 장편소설

I AM

THE MONARCH

BOOK 03

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I am the Monarch

(나는 군주다)

by

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Synopsis

Roan who ran away 20 years ago from the rural village in the aim of becoming a Great General who will rule the world.

However, all he got 20 years later was just a handful of money and a low position that is a 1st legion's spearman.

At the end, he becomes a cold corpse in the battlefield.

But somehow, he came back in the past.

“Alright. This time, I won't become a Great General but a Monarch.”

His previous life's aim was becoming a Great General.

Actually, he only became a spearman.

This time, his life's aim is becoming the Monarch.

“Then I guess I'd become at least a general, right?”

Roan who remembers what happened the 20 years.

Now starts his unstoppable march in becoming a Monarch.

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Chapter 201: Amaranth (1)

“Have you heard? They say the kingdom’s knight order raided the Dolan lord’s castle in the west.”

“I heard. I thought Sir Baron Dolan really was holding on for a long time, then.....”

“Wasn’t the youngest son there just five years old now?”

“Right. He was definitely about that old.”

“Is he perhaps even slashing five-year-old child’s neck?”

“Of course. The last time, he even cut a baby’s neck.....”

Men in shabby clothing gathered at the mouth of an alleyway and chatted.

Expressions with clear looks of nervousness.

“It’s a reign of terror, a reign of terror.”

“I can’t breathe since prince Simon held the coronation ceremony.”

“The necks of nobles and the influential houses who didn’t attend the coronation ceremony are all falling down, right?”

“Yeah. Everyone including their families.”

Everyone dryly gulped.

“At least our fief is only to this degree since our lord fell in battle.....”

“They say that for the fiefs that closed their gates and fought back, everyone including even that region’s residents were all sold as slaves.”

“Ehuu. Just what fate is this.....”

“Just when is this tiresome and horrible war going to end?”

Lamentations, complaints, and discontents poured out.

At that moment, the youngest looking man asked with a cautious expression.

“But what happened to Sir Count Lancephil? Sir Count didn’t attend the coronation ceremony either, didn’t he?”

Such rumor definitely circulated.

At those words, a man who was quite versed with outside news faintly smiled and answered.

“It can’t be helped since Sir Count Lancephil couldn’t attend the coronation ceremony at the time. He was in the middle of making grand successes against Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum.”

Everyone nodded their heads.

“Not only repelling the Byron Kingdom and the Istel Kingdom.....”

“For him to push back the two princes’ armies alone.....”

“He truly is an amazing person.”

Admirations and awe.

“They say even Prince Simon went out of his way and repeatedly said he won’t force his attendance.”

Everyone, with expressions saying it was understandable, nodded their heads.

However, the oldest man bitterly smiled and shook his head.

“Even so, the rumor that he was quite displeased is going around.....”

A chink.

A rumor that a rift had formed between Roan and Simon with the coronation ceremony as catalyst was going around.

Rumors that Second Prince Tommy Rinse and Third Prince Kallum Rinse was using that point were also being heard.

Of course, it seemed that he wasn't interested.

At that moment, the young man who first spoke up the story about Roan spat out a long sigh.

"I heard that the kingdom's northeast region was so nice to live in..... If I could, I want to move there at least."

At those words, the other men shrank back their necks with startled expressions.

"Those are dangerous words. Crossing the fiefs' borders right now is to giving away one's life. But....."

"Certainly, we can't help wanting to go to the Lancephil Fief, no?"

"Yeah. Since they say it's peaceful there."

Everyone's expressions turned slightly dazed.

Inside their heads, the rumors about Lancephil County floated up.

A peaceful and good place to live.

Even while the entire Rinse Kingdom's situation was wrapped up in war, they said that the laughter of Lancephil County's citizens at least didn't stop.

It wasn't a good place to live in only because there were no wars and battles either.

There were no immoral nobles or powerful houses in the Lancephil County, and they also said that there also were no one who died of starvation.

They said that those who wanted can learn words and even learn skills or farming.

Even more, it was known that, in the case of fishermen who worked on the Poskein Lake, significant amount of funds together with even ships were supplied to them.

The young man's gazes turned to his sides.

"Compared to that, this place....."

Bleak and gloomy scenery of the castle's inside.

"Is no different than hell."

As soon as his words finished.

"Oi! You! What are you doing there! Hurry and quickly move the wheat sacks!"

A soldier wearing an armor flashed his eyes and shouted.

"Yes, yes! We're going, sir!"

"We'll move them quickly!"

The men shrank down their bodies and quickly moved their feet.

Once they exited out the alleyway's mouth and entered into the castle's streets, a bone-chilling sight spread out.

More than hundreds of men were loading an incredible number of sacks of wheat onto carts.

Following Simon's order, they were transporting the food that was reserved inside the castle to the capital, Miller.

'When we don't even have anything to eat right now.....'

Even so, they couldn't even moan.

Because the heads of those who didn't wish to give up the sacks of wheat and resisted were all cut off and hanged in the square.

Their stomachs were hungry, but their lives were just as precious.

The young man carried a sack of wheat on his shoulder and clenched his teeth.

'Damn it. If we can't go to the Lancephil Fief.....'

His heart rapidly raced.

‘It would be nice if Sir Count Lancephil came to our fief.....’

A desperate wish.

However, the possibility of that wish happening immediately was almost none.

Because this barren fief that the young man grew up and lived in was already under Simon’s influence.

‘Since Sir Count Lancephil is Prince Simon’s man.’

Roan leveling the end of his sword to not Tommy or Kallum but Simon would not happen.

The young man, no, most of the people thought so.

And that was true to a certain degree.

At least for now.

“It’s good news! Count Lancephil has destroyed Arrance, one of Prince Tommy’s elite legions, and has captured the Kapps Castle!”

“Oh! That truly is excellent!”

At the messenger’s report, Viscount Tio Ruin became greatly joyous.

The other nobles who were sitting in were also the same.

Currently, the only place amongst Simon Rinse’s support faction that hadn’t lost even once and repeated victories was Lancephil Fief Regiment.

“With this state, soon the southeast region will also be subdued.”

“Suppression of the South too isn’t far off.”

Flattering and fawning sounds went on without a pause.

But Simon’s expression, who was occupying the throne, wasn’t quite bright.

“What does it matter if he wins a hundred out of a hundred

battles, when it's hard to have a look at his face..... tch.”

The sound of clicking his tongue was loudly heard.

The facial expressions of numerous nobles stiffly froze.

“Hhm hm.”

Tio effortfully smiled and lowered his head.

“In Count Lancephil case, it is because he has no time to leave the battlefield due to suppressing the enemies and calming the region on the frontline. He will soon enter the capital, Miller, so please be patient a little longer.”

“Even so.....”

Simon momentarily paused the end of his words.

‘I can't help feeling displeased.’

He deeply swallowed the last words.

Since the recent coronation ceremony, Simon found every single one of Roan's actions displeasing.

‘This is bad.’

Tio's expression that was watching the situation became pressed.

As a matter of fact, several amongst the supporting nobles had barred themselves up or left Simon's side after the recent coronation ceremony.

No, to be exact, Simon was personally weeding out numerous nobles.

‘But Count Lancephil is different than those men.’

Roan was literally the strongest strength amongst Simon's forces.

In a situation where they had yet to completely subdue the kingdom, it would become greatly troublesome if he were to turn a heavyweight like Roan into an enemy.

‘We have to maintain a strong relationship with at least Count Lancephil. At least until we quell the kingdom.....’

Tio rapidly spun his thoughts.

Rather than unnecessarily creating a petty trouble, changing the subject was much better.

‘Ah!’

Coincidentally, there was one news that was recently bugging their nerves.

“Furthermore, Count Lancephil is preoccupied from suppressing the rebellions that are arising all around the kingdom.”

The very moment his words finished, the expressions of other nobles turned bright.

They had instantly grasp Tio’s intention.

“That is right, your majesty. The forces of bastards called Black Rinse is unusual.”

“They have willingly refused to be the Rinse Kingdom’s citizens. They are traitors that we must suppress and destroy.”

The nobles quickly echoed on.

An effort to turn the subject.

Thankfully, Simon showed interest at the story about Black Rinse.

“Black Rinse..... they call themselves a black flower that bloomed in the dark, was it? Hmph. Impudent bastards.....”

He tightly chewed his lower lips and spat out curses.

Black Rinse.

A type of armed group made up with the Rinse Kingdom’s citizens at the core, its first start was Black Flower Guild that the families of Stellan Castle’s surrendered, whom Simon had executed, had formed while promising revenge.

Here, the ones who lost their important people due to Simon, Tommy, and Kallum as the throne succession war continued joined in and its force began to increase with rapid speed.

Not only that, now the ordinary commoners who lost their homes from the war and the battles joined in and created a force that exceeded most grand nobles' fief regiments.

Of course, it meant that their numbers were like so, and the actual level of strength was a lousy level compared to the regular army.

"Execute the traitors who took part in the treason and all their families and relatives too."

An order that was completely devoid of mercy fell down.

"A black flower, was it? Kuk. I will laughably crush and snap it off."

A bloody smile hanged on Simon's mouth.

'Prince..... no, your majesty the king.....'

Although it was a coronation carried out according to Simon's will, either way, he was a king who had climbed up through official procedure.

Tio looked at Simon and exhaled a short sigh.

'For what reason is his temper becoming even madder?'

These days, he wasn't practicing even the mana technique training that was being a problem at all.

But even so, he was showing an even more hot-blooded side right after climbing onto the throne.

His personality itself too had become unrecognizably cruel.

'I, I have to look after him well.'

The inside of Tio's head became complicated.

At that moment.

“Your majesty!”

Together with a bright and bold voice, the doors of the grand hall widely opened.

“Ah! Grandfather.”

Simon cheerfully smiled and slightly lowered his head.

The owner of the voice was Duke Bradley Webster.

“I’ve came back after subduing the western region.”

“Thank you for your work.”

An affectionate conversation went back and forth.

However, the lights in the eyes at least shone sharply like a blade.

Their relationship had been disjointed due to the problem of Holy Place’s God’s Medicine.

But because the situation was such, they showed off a deep relationship on the outside.

A strategically cooperative relationship.

That was Simon and Bradley’s current relationship.

Bradley, with a short cough, lightly looked around at the numerous nobles.

“Your majesty. There is something I must tell you privately and secretly.”

“Alone? Hmm.”

Simon contemplated for a moment, then slightly nodded his head.

When he signaled to Tio with his eyes, all the nobles soon exited out of the grand hall.

“Viscount Ruin wait outside as well.”

Bradley shook his head at Tio, who was staying at his place.

Tio ignored him and stood his place.

“It’s fine, so wait outside for a moment.”

Simon faintly smiled and waved his hand.

“Then I will be outside the door, your majesty.”

Tio only then lowered his head and exited the grand hall afterwards.

Bradley, seeming not quite satisfied with that sight, slightly creased his brows.

“It’s because he thinks of me like a little child, sir.”

Simon cheerfully smiled and spoke as if to say not to worry.

‘Like grandfather does.’

He didn’t spat out the last words and swallowed them.

Bradley slowly nodded his head, then looked at Simon.

The two people’s gazes complicatedly tangled against each other.

Although the tips of the eyes and mouths were smiling, the lights in the eyes were cold.

“So, the thing you wanted to secretly say is.....”

Simon spoke up as if casually throwing the words.

Only then Bradley brightly smiled and spoke up the issue.

It was a truly shocking and happy news.

“I have found a way to control your majesty’s evil mana.”

Dududududu!

Together with the sound of horse hooves, dust cloud rose up.

Tens of carriages crossed a plain.

Truly an incredible sight.

“Spread!”

The commander who was running at the front waved his hand and sent a hand signal.

From front and back as well as left and right, signal flags flapped.

An order passed without reducing their running speed.

The carriages, which were maintaining a rectangular formation while charging, spread to the sides.

The cavalry, which was running ahead as if to protect the carriages, quickly climbed over the hill rising in front of their eyes a step ahead.

“Waaaah!

“Die!”

“Death to the traitors!”

Instantly, an incredible shout hit the ears.

Simultaneously, a horrendous battlefield spread out below the hill.

< Sekh Legion. >

The legion occupying the south was Tommy’s legion.

And a rather famous legion at that.

On the other hand, the legion that took up a spot on the north was somewhat poor and shabby.

Even the flag planted at the center was made by putting numerous clothes together.

< Black Rinse. >

An armed force made up of Rinse Kingdom’s citizens.

It was a people’s revolutionary group that raised the standard of revolt and stood up against the three princes’ despotism and tyranny.

“Die!”

“Die you traitors!”

The Sekh Legion fiercely pushed the Black Rinse.

Although the Black Rinse had much more numbers, the Sekh Legion was superior in strength itself.

At that moment.

Paat!

Stomping the hilly highland, a giant warhorse soared up.

A crimson cloak that violently flutter in the southern wind.

The man who slantly held the Travias Spear and was racing as he spurred his horse was Roan Lancephil.

He, while accompanied by his direct Amaranth Troop and Taemusas, raced towards the battlefield.

Dududududu!

The sound of horse hooves noisily rang.

Only then did the Sekh Legion and the Black Rinse that were mindlessly fighting turned their gazes towards the hills.

“Wha, what?!”

“C, Crimson Legion?”

The eyes of each side’s soldiers and members widely opened.

“It’s the Lancephil Fief Regiment!”

A crimson wave pouring down from above the hill.

Everyone widely dropped their mouths.

“The, they already came all the way here?!”

“Ri, ridiculous.”

The Sekh Legion’s commanders murmured with half-dazed faces.

They had heard and knew well enough of Lancephil Fief

Regiment's otherworldly fast marching speed.

But this was simply too fast.

It would be understandable if it was only the cavalry, but.

“Waaaaah!”

Soon, a crimson wave soared up once more over the hill together with an incredible shout.

Infantry troops of over thousands of soldiers.

At that moment, Roan, who was running at the forefront towards them, raised the Traviar Spear high.

“Attack!”

A sonorous voice echoed the battlefield.

“Yes sir!”

The thousand-man rank commanders and warriors roared and pulled up their mana.

“Uuuuuh!”

Sekh Legion and the Black Rinse, who were fiercely attacking each other until just before, falteringly stepped back.

‘Who!’

‘Who will they attack!’

Everyone dryly gulped and stared at Roan and the Crimson Legion.

Where would the crimson wave sweep through!

Eyes and gazes entangled.

And.

Boooom!

With an explosive sound, the Crimson Legion with Roan at the lead swept through the battlefield.

“Da, damn it!”

“Stupid.....!”

The one swept by the crimson wave was Sekh Legion.

Fwoosh!

Flame soared up along the Traviass Spear.

Kwakang! Boom!

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

Together with an explosive sound, the Sekh Legion’s soldiers became balls of flame and were flung away.

“We, we are the kingdom’s regular army!”

“Even if we are in middle of the throne succession war, they are traitors!”

“Shouldn’t you be attacking them first?!”

“They have raised revolt against the Rinse Kingdom!”

Sekh Legion’s commanders raised their veins and shouted.

However, Roan made no reply at all.

With a composed expression, he swung the Traviass Spear.

Kwakang!

Together with an explosive sound, the Sekh Legion’s commanders were split in two.

Although Roan controlling the water energy too was certainly amazing, Roan controlling the heat almost brought a god of flame to mind.

“Uuuuh! R, run!”

“We can’t take on the Crimson Ghost!”

“The Crimson Legion isn’t an opponent we can match!”

In the end, the Sekh Legion's formation fell down.

A flight in defeat.

“Chase them!”

Roan, quickly through a hand signal, finished forming a pursuit troop.

One of the thousand-man troops took on the pursuit and execution mission.

Like that, the battle ended in an instant.

Gulp.

The Black Rinse's members quietly stood and dryly swallowed.

‘Strong.’

Roan and the Lancephil Fief Regiment's skills that they heard only as rumors.

‘The rumors are lacking.’

‘It's not a Crimson Ghost but a war god, a war god.’

A sense of awe floated up fully on their faces.

At that moment, Roan, who was cleaning up the battlefield, led his horse and went in front of the Black Rinse.

Roan, who stood alone and straight in front of over thousands of Black Rinse's members.

Even so, the one who controlled the pressure was actually Roan.

“Wh, what do you plan to do with us, sir?”

The one with the highest rank amongst the Black Rinse's members asked with a greatly tensed expression.

If Roan were to order a massacre here, the Black Rinse would be annihilated.

‘Prince Simon ordered to decapitate us as well as our families and relatives' heads.’

‘Sir Count Lancephil is Prince Simon’s close aid.’

‘Does our fate end here.....’

The faces of Black Rinse’s members were colored with despair.

At that moment.

“Black Rinse. Are you the black flower?”

A softly passed question.

A faint smile floated up on Roan’s mouth.

The Black Rinse’s members wordlessly nodded their heads.

Roan, deeply breathing in, planted the Travias Spear on the ground.

“I will look after you so that that flower never wilts.”

A flower that never wither.

It was Amaranth.

A new amaranth had newly blossomed its buds.

“A, are you taking us in, sir?”

The Black Rinse’s members looked at Roan with widely opened eyes.

With unbelieving expressions, they stuttered their words.

“W, we are traitors who raised a revolt against the three princes.”

“If Prince Simon were to know of this fact, he won’t leave Sir Count Lancephil alone.”

Worried voices.

Amongst the members, the one who was standing at the very front cautiously asked.

“Hasn’t Sir Count entered the war for Prince Simon?”

At those words, Roan turned his horse’s head and looked towards

the west.

At the end of that place was the capital, Miller.

“Prince Simon?”

Roan slowly shook his head.

“Not at all. I entered the war.....”

Strength went into his voice.

“Not for Prince Simon, Prince Tommy, or Prince Kallum.....”

The smile floating on his mouth became much thicker.

“But for the kingdom’s citizens.”

“Ah.....”

The Black Rinse’s members all let out quiet exclamations.

Roan turned his head and looked straight at the members’ eyes.

“Let us go to the capital, Miller.”

A gentle aura flowed out from his entire body.

“Let us go and spread not blood but flower seeds.”

The Black Rinse’s members unconsciously nodded their heads.

Roan once again turned his head and looked towards the west, the place where the capital, Miller, was.

“Seeds of a flower that never wilt.....”

Amaranth.

The time had finally come for that name to blanket the kingdom.

Chapter 202: Amaranth (2)

“What is it?”

President Seripa of the Lancephil County's Bureau of Druids asked in an emotionless voice.

“What do you mean what is it, sir. It's because of the promise from the last time.”

The one who was cheerily smiling and lightly throwing the words was Clay.

With his hands clasped, he placed his chin on top.

A somehow repulsive look.

Seripa quietly looked at that sight, then exhaled a short sigh.

“Huu. Is it something we must do?”

“Of course. The one who started it first was the lord.”

“That's because you spied and monitored the lord's every single move.”

“Because that was my mission.”

Clay had not even a little hesitation.

The thin eyes turned even smaller.

“Mission? You say that trying to use the lord was a mission? Don't make me..... huu. No. No.”

Seripa couldn't finish his words.

Clay shrugged his shoulders, then repulsively asked.

“Are you perhaps going to go against the promise?”

Seripa had no answer for a while.

A moment later, he once again exhaled a long sigh.

“Huu. I can't break the druids' oath.”

Druid's oath.

It was different than ordinary human's promise.

A type of magic or spell, a prohibition is placed on the contracted one's abilities or life in the case one breaks the oath.

With similar forms, there were magician's oath, hexer's oath, and so on.

"So, what exactly is the thing I should do?"

It wasn't agreeable.

Although it was said to be a work for the druids, the kindness Roan had given too was absolutely not small.

No, in truth, it was enormously big.

His eyes very sharply shook.

However, Clay did not mind it at all and pulled out the schemes inside his head.

"First, please go to the kingdom's northwest together with the druids."

"By northwest?"

"Webster Duchy."

"Hmm."

He had expected it to some degree.

Since that was a part that Clay had placed most effort into since returning to the front.

"Simultaneously, I'm thinking of causing some chaos in the Lancephil County."

The method was simple.

Mess with the intelligence using the animals the Bureau of Druids had delegated to Lancephil Fief Regiment, Agens, Tenebra Troop, and so on, and done.

There was no time for Roan and the Fief Regiment who were repeating the war and battles in the South far away from the fief to check the accuracy of intelligence.

Seripa, with solidly stiffen face, stood up from his seat.

He didn't wish to look at Clay any longer.

"I look forward to working with you."

On the other hand, Clay's expression was greatly bright.

Because so, it was much more displeasing and repulsive.

Without any reply, Seripa moved his steps towards the room's exit.

At that moment.

"President Seripa. Don't forget. The one who led you, who was living wildly and lonely in an empty forest, to the outside world was I. The one who gave you a new chance at life wasn't the lord but I."

Clay spoke with the greatly bold and daring voice.

Seripa turned only his head and looked at him.

A still solidly stiffened expression.

"I recognize that."

But.

'You have definitely given me a new chance at life. But the lord.....'

His heart hotly raced.

'Gave me heart and trust.'

The words he couldn't quite spit out.

The things Roan had given Seripa wasn't merely at a level of new chance at life.

Heart and trust.

That was something much more greater and bigger than something physical.

Something that Clay, who obsessed over one's own promotion, could never give.

Because so, Seripa felt agonized.

‘To think I have to give up the lord's trust.....’

A humanly betrayal.

With his teeth clenched, Seripa opened the door.

And he didn't look back any more.

Boom.

With a heavy sound, the door closed.

Clay, who was left alone, faintly smiled and waved his hand.

Meow.

As if they had been waiting, five small cats showed up from a corner.

Amongst them, two were the very cats who had went to find Bradley in the past.

Of course, even Clay didn't know the truth that they had met with the elves in the middle.

Meow. Meow.

The cats gathered in front of Clay's feet and lowered their heads.

Clay brushed their backs, then covered their heads with his hand.

Ssss.

A hazy green light enveloped the cats' bodies.

Clay, with his eyes closed, murmured unintelligible words.

A moment later, a peculiar smile floated up on his composed face.

“It has been done as I willed.”

The things the cats had delivered were Bradley's reply, the whereabouts of Agens and Tenebra Troop, and the current state of the Lancephil Fief Regiment.

Everything was as Clay willed.

With a single wave of hand, he sent the cats back away, then went towards the office's desk.

There was a work he had to simultaneously progress while pushing the Lancephil County into chaos with intelligence disturbance.

Flap.

The bundle of documents Clay was fingering.

< Lancephil Fief Regiment Supplying Strategy. > The softly moving finger flipped over a single page.

Like a coincident, the flower of the small plant he had placed on the end of his desk trembled its body.

That was a very small and distinct movement.

The gates of Pulo Castle, one of the south's strategic points, opened up.

There was no battle.

The vanguard entered first and determined the danger inside the castle.

Afterwards, the Lancephil Fief Regiment's main army, with Roan at the lead, entered the castle.

"That sir is the very Sir Count Lancephil....."

"Sir Count Lancephil has finally came to our fief."

Numerous residents of the castle swarmed up to the street that crossed the Pulo Castle's inside.

Expressions mixed half and half with anticipation and fear.

Understandably, the Pulo Castle, which was a strategic point of the south, was a castle of tragedy that had been captured by Simon Rinse, Tommy Rinse, and Kallum Rinse in turn within a short while.

Each time, a cruel massacre and pillaging arose.

Due to this, Pulo Castle's residents were greatly tense not knowing how Roan and the Lancephil Fief Regiment, who were famous as Crimson Ghost and Crimson Legion, would act.

'Since there is no way that the rumors are all true.'

Complicated lights poured down from the eyes.

Through those lights, Roan was able to read the fear inside the residents' hearts.

"Hmm."

He, quietly flowing a groan, lightly jumped down from his warhorse.

"All of you get down from the horses. We will move on foot inside the castle."

A quiet voice pierced through the ears of the Fief Regiment's soldiers.

"Yes sir."

With a short answer, every soldier climbed down from their horses.

It was a measure to reduce the fears of the castle's residents by even a little bit.

The measure continued on.

Once the vanguard and the main army passed the square inside the castle and entered into the main castle, the rear supply troop entered into the square.

“Supply the food to the Pulo Castle’s citizens.”

The order Roan gave.

The order was immediately announced.

“Th, they’re giving us wheat?”

“They aren’t taking them away?”

“Really? Is it really?”

“They aren’t gathering us like this and massacring us, no?”

“Since Count Lancephil is also Prince Simon’s close aid..... who knows.”

The castle’s citizens were half in doubt.

However, the awful hunger led their steps towards the square.

“There’s plenty of supplies. Please patiently wait your turn.”

“We will give you wheat, beans, potatoes and corn.”

“We will also give medical treatment to those who need it.”

The Lancephil Fief Regiment’s soldiers, with their heavy and hard armors thrown off, faced the castle’s residents with bright faces.

“A, are you really giving them to us?”

One resident timorously went up.

A soldier fully scooped wheat into a large bowl.

“Have you not brought something to hold them? Then.....”

He then collected the wheat into a small sack and passed it over.

“Please come again if it’s not enough.”

A warm expression and greeting.

“Ah.....”

The resident who received the sack of wheat was moved and his face became watery.

Hot tears filled up on his eyes.

“Th, thank you very much! Thank you!”

Shout at the top of his throat.

That was the trigger point.

“Th, they’re really giving them to us!”

“Sir Count Lancephil is different!”

“He doesn’t take but give!”

The residents shook and swarmed up in an instant.

The soldiers quickly made space and led them to maintain order.

A gentle mood that wasn’t forceful.

Although there sometimes were citizens who caused trouble, they were sent back to the end of the line together with a sharp rebuke.

Meaning that they don’t simply laugh and pass over.

Soon, the chaos disappeared and only sounds of laughter filled the square fully.

Smiles blossomed on people’s faces.

In the Pulo Castle too, flowers had begun to blossom.

Amaranth.

The forever unwithering flower.

Roan and the Lancephil Fief Regiment’s such actions soon spread to the entire kingdom.

It wasn’t only because people’s rumors by mouth.

It was because the members of the previous Black Rinse, now the members of Black Amaranth, had scattered all over the kingdom and had begun to spread Roan’s intent and actions.

“Have you heard? It looks like Sir Count Lancephil never does something like plundering even when he captures a castle.”

“That’s not all. They say he even give out his food.”

“They say he treats the ill and fix fallen houses.”

“He truly is an amazing person.”

The respect of kingdom’s citizens towards Roan became higher as the days passed.

Of course, there were also those who envied and thought unkindly of Roan in contrast to them.

Most of them were those who were originally in power.

Especially Simon’s envy, who had newly climbed up to the throne, became more extreme as each day passed.

“I see, so it’s like that.”

Simon supported his forehead with his right hand and creased his brows.

The grand hall, which was usually loud and noisy with the noble’s flattering and fawning, was extremely quiet.

Also, the ones who were standing there were only Simon, who was sitting on the throne, his maternal grandfather Duke Bradley Webster, and his right-hand Viscount Tio Ruin.

“What did I say, your majesty. You can’t trust Count Lancephil too much.”

Bradley shook his head with a short sigh.

Simon was without a reply.

Although, his expression was still not good.

Tio, who was searching the mood, carefully opened his mouth.

“Releasing the Black Rinse’s members is certainly Count Lancephil’s error. But however it went, it is a fact that he had

subjugated the Black Rinse and him capturing Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum's core strategic points are also a fact. You could say that his achievements are much bigger than his errors. Please recede your anger and observe the situation more cool-....."

When his words reached about that point.

"Stop."

Simon raised his head and looked at Tio.

The light in his eyes blazed as if to burn up.

"Viscount Ruin. Are you my vassal, or Count Lancephil's vassal?"

A sudden question.

"Your majesty. What do you mean? I'm of course your majesty's vassal."

Tio was of slightly flustered look.

Simon slightly bit his lower lip.

"These days, you look like you're serving Count Lancephil instead of me when I look at you. It's greatly displeasing."

A hostile voice.

His expression was even more chilling and cold than that.

Bradley, as if he had been waiting, spoke up with a sly expression.

"Your majesty. It's certain that Count Lancephil has a different intent. According to the intelligence, his marching direction is judged to be the capital, Miller, here. It means not towards southwest where Prince Tommy is nor southeast where Prince Kallum is, but towards the capital, Miller, where your majesty is. It is simply an incomprehensible marching direction."

"Hmm."

Simon's expression stiffened up even colder.

Tio once again cut in.

It would be troublesome if Roan and Simon's relationship become disjointed like this.

"Your majesty. There must definitely be an acceptable reason why Count Lancephil is coming to the capital, Miller. He is the loyalist of loyal subjects who had placed his life on the line for your majesty until now."

As soon as his words finished, a flame arose in Simon's eyes.

"Viscount Ruin. You're partial to Count Lancephil once again."

An expression and voice showing displeasure.

But even so, Tio did not back down at least this time.

'Was this bastard this stubborn?'

Enough for Bradley, who was at the side, to be surprised.

'Viscount Tio Ruin.....'

Simon was also inwardly being surprised.

Thanks to Tio, he was able to barely maintain his sanity even when his head felt disoriented these days from madness.

'Right. There was never a time that Viscount Ruin made empty words.'

He once again held onto the ropes of his sanity.

But.

"According to the information, they say that Prince Tommy and Prince Kallum are extending their hands to Count Lancephil."

Bradley once again attempted to ruined everything.

"Hhm."

Simon's sanity greatly shook once more.

The evil mana swayed at a place deep within his eyes.

Simon looked straight at Tio.

“Your majesty.....”

Tio called out to Simon with a quiet voice.

“Hhm.”

Within Simon’s head, sanity and madness waged a fierce battle.

The result?

“Alright. Since you say we should trust Count Lancephil like so, I will give one more chance.”

The victory of sanity.

It looked like Tio’s victory.

“Your majesty!”

Bradley shouted with a shocked expression.

On the other hand, a faint smile hanged on Tio’s mouth.

Simon raised his hand and stopped Bradley’s mouth, then gave a new order.

“Send a messenger to Count Lancephil right this moment. Tell him to immediately turn his vanguard around, destroy Tommy and Kallum’s main armies, and subdue the kingdom’s southern region.”

Ultimatum.

The madness did not quietly step back.

This wasn’t Tio’s victory.

A tie.

The sanity and madness couldn’t reach a conclusion.

Gulp.

Tio dryly swallowed.

He couldn’t take Roan’s side and make a protest saying it was an excessive order even here.

He couldn't be sure that even this small chance might fly away if not careful.

Tio lowered his head.

"Yes. I will do so, your majesty."

In case Simon's heart may change, he quickly exited out of the grand hall.

'Damn it. Tio Ruin bastard is ruining the work.'

Bradley clenched his teeth while lowering his head.

Every plan had been perfectly achieved until now.

No, rather, it became even firmer and more meticulous than the original plan.

'Since I have earned even an unexpected aide called Clay.'

But the plan to twist apart Roan and Simon actually went off-course at the final stage.

He hadn't thought that Simon would possibly accept Tio's opinion.

Bradley breathed in deeply.

'I should call the hexer bastards a bit faster.'

He planned to shake apart Simon's mind.

Bradley raised his head and looked at Simon.

He planned to casually throw in the words at this chance.

However, the one who spoke up first was Simon.

"Grandfather. What happened to the ones you said could cure me?"

Instantly, Bradley's expression brightened.

Even though he hadn't even thrown the bait, a big catch was already caught.

Bradley faintly smiled and lowered his head.

“Now, they will soon arrive at the capital, Miller.”

A horrifying smile hanged on his mouth.

Regrettably, Simon was not able to see that.

Without him knowing, he was rapidly approaching the fate called Mad Monarch.

Chapter 203: Amaranth (3)

While the messenger of the First Prince, no, the incomplete King Simon who climbed up to the throne without the royal crest nor national seal was running towards Roan Lancephil's camp, an unusual event was happening in Second Prince Tommy Rinse's camp in the Southwest.

“Idiotic bitches!”

A roar with tensely raised killing intent.

Crash!

Soon, wine cups and dishes rolled on the ground.

“Please calm down, your highness.”

Numerous nobles and administrators bowed down.

“Calm? Do I look like I'll calm down right now?!”

The one who was raising a fit and shouting was Tommy.

His face, with rage, annoyance, and even intoxication rising up, was brightly flushed.

The place his bloody eyes were looking at was the opposite floor.

A middle-aged man of grand stature was lowering his head while kneeling on one knee.

He was Viscount Konce Leisi, a noble of the kingdom and one of the greatly talented warriors.

Tommy shouted while standing straight in front of Konce.

“Konce Leisi! You said you were a talented general called the nightmare of the battlefield! And a bastard like that fights with Roan Lancephil twelve times and loses all twelve times? And even let over ten-thousand-man legion get annihilated?”

His voice slowly became louder.

“You idiotic bastard! What nightmare of the battlefield! You aren’t enemy’s nightmare but friendly’s! Friendly’s nightmare!”

Verbal abuse.

At that moment, Duke Edwin Voisa, who was watching the situation from the side, stepped forwards together with a short sigh.

“Prince. Although it is a fact that Viscount Leisi has greatly lost, it is also a fact that the achievements he raised before that are great. He is our force’s spearhead. Please mercifully forgive him and give him a new chance.”

A gentle voice.

However, Tommy’s expression was still cold.

“A chance? Grandfather. Don’t say such a word.”

He looked straight at Edwin.

“In truth, I don’t like grandfather either. Just what happened to Mills who went to the Estia Empire? I’m asking when is the Imperial Army coming! Only when they come could I drag down that shell-only king Simon and climb onto the throne!”

Rampage.

Tommy wasn’t of sane mind.

Getting heavily intoxicated with the originally cruel personality was the problem.

“They will arrive soon. Please don’t worry about that.”

Edwin answered with a composed expression.

He was a noble who had many experiences enough to compete the ranks even amongst the kingdom’s four dukes and whose bones were thick in the world of politics.

He wasn’t a man who would flush his face at the verbal abuse of a grandson so much younger than himself.

‘Tch!’

Tommy clenched his teeth.

However much he was intoxicated he understood that it wasn’t easy to take the initiative with Edwin as the opponent.

Naturally, the arrow of criticism went towards Konce.

“Konce Leisi! For the crime of leading the most elite legion to annihilation, I sentence you to decapitation!”

An unbelievable order.

The words of commanders, and the words of the prince at that who commanded supreme over the entire army were alike thousand pieces of gold.

However, Tommy’s words were excessively light.

“P, prince!”

“Th, that’s too excessive a treatment!”

Numerous nobles who were merely searching the mood raised their voices.

If Konce’s neck was cut here, there was no general to lead the legion and go out to the battlefields at the moment.

“Prince. Please reconsider.”

Even Edwin stepped up.

‘Damn it. There’s not a single thing that can be done as I wish!’

Since the situation became such degree, even Tommy couldn’t thoughtlessly push forwards his decision.

He noisily gritted his teeth.

“Alright. Since everyone wishes so, I will leave aside decapitation at least. But instead, I will give hundred lashings and lower your nobility to baron.”

Tommy scowled with his eyes and glared at the numerous nobles.

“Or do you perhaps plan to obstruct even this?”

The numerous nobles couldn't carelessly answer.

If possible, they obviously wanted to oppose.

However, they could end up in the same position as Konce from excessive protest if not careful.

Silence and no answer.

Tommy, when the nobles showed no particular reaction, snickered a laugh and nodded his head.

“Execute it.”

At those words, Konce, who was lowering his head with one of his knees kneeled down, stood up.

Solidly stiffened expression.

Cold yet sharply glinting eyes.

Disrespectfully, Konce looked straight into Tommy's eyes.

When he, whose stature was grand, looked down at Tommy, an unknown pressure exuded out.

“You, you bastard.....”

At the suffocating pressure, Tommy instinctively spat out a curse.

A situation where he would end up humiliated in front of numerous nobles.

‘Can't let that happen!’

Borrowing from the intoxication, he swung his hand.

Slap!

With a clear sound, Konce's cheek burned up red.

“P, prince.....”

“Hhm.”

Numerous nobles, with aghast expressions, couldn't continue their words.

Because they hadn't even thought that a prince of a kingdom would slap a noble's cheeks.

From Konce's position, it was a significantly humiliating situation.

He quietly stood and looked at Tommy.

Tommy once again tried to swing his hand, then flinched and stopped his movement.

Because the pressure that was exuding out of Konce's body became even sharper than a well-sharpened sword.

Gulp.

Tommy unknowingly gulped dryly, then stepped back.

"Ge, get out! Immediately drag this bastard out and lash him!"

Soon, the royal guards entered into the conference room.

Even until then, Konce quietly stood and glared at Tommy.

"General."

The royal guards, without being able to carelessly touch him, merely flustered about.

Konce, who was staying still slowly nodded his head.

"I will go on my own feet."

Quietly sunken voice.

Konce walked few steps back, then casually turned around and went out of the conference room.

"Arrogant bastard."

Tommy saw that sight and spat out a curse.

The conference room's mood sank into a mess.

They couldn't even let out a breath.

Edwin's expression too wasn't good.

'So we came as far as we can go.'

The thought that any more like this would be difficult fully filled the inside of his head.

Because he was his grandson, and because that grandson was second in line to throne succession, he had endured everything and aided him until now.

But now was at a limit.

The ship called Tommy that looked brilliant was definitely sinking.

'For the sinking ship, I will let its captain take responsibility.'

There was no need for even him to drown together.

Thankfully, there was still a chance for Edwin.

'Since Mills and the Imperial Army is there.'

There was plenty of possibilities for grand reversal.

A seemingly strange and odd smile floated up on his mouth.

"My lord. This, this is too much."

"For the general to receive such humiliation....."

"Even though the achievements Sir Viscount has raised until now was so much..... kuuk."

Lord, general, viscount.

Although the titles were different, they were all words pointing to one person.

"Lord Leisi."

"General leisi."

“Sir Viscount Leisi. Kuhuk.”

The owners of the voices were all warriors who wore armors.

They stood near the bed and threw up their frustrations.

“Gggng.”

Soon following, a groan mixed with pain flowed out.

The middle-aged man who couldn't even lie down right and was lying prone on the bed.

He was Konce Leisi, who received lashings under Tommy's order.

Konce had taken off all his tops, but his tight and muscular back was full of deep wounds.

Wounds from hundred set of lashing.

Konce was closing his eyes while lying prone.

He wasn't sleeping.

He was effortfully suppressing the boiling heart.

“Sir Viscount. I cannot endure any longer.”

Baron Muste Bonen, who was one of Konce's adjutants, tightly clenched his fist.

“Sir Viscount was one who raised countless achievements even before the throne succession war, literally a great general who represented the kingdom. You also have the achievement of completely subduing the northwest region while giving your loyalty to Prince Tommy after the throne succession war. But, but how could he to that Sir Viscount..... kuk!”

Without being able to endure, tears burst out.

Other warriors followed and flowed their tears.

“Gggng.”

With a groan, Konce stood up from his bed.

Following the wounds, red blood flowed down on its own.

A horrible sight.

But effortfully with a calm expression, he looked at his aides whom he commanded like his limbs.

“It’s not viscount. I am now a baron.”

At those words, other nobles hit their chests and shook their heads.

“I cannot recognize this, sir!”

Soon, sounds of echoing were heard from multiple places.

“I cannot recognize this either, sir.”

“I cannot accept an unreasonable and humiliating treatment like this, sir.”

At those words, Konce made a bitter smile.

“I should think it fortunate to at least saved my life. No.....”

He hesitated for a moment, then exhaled a long sigh.

“Is it not a time to even be grateful of that.....”

It was the truth.

If it was cruel and hot-blooded Tommy, he couldn’t know when he would nitpick for whatever reason and try to cut Konce’s neck.

Furthermore, Konce and his adjutants too knew very well.

That Tommy never embrace someone who get pushed out of his eyes.

A silence fell down.

A suffocating and foul silence.

After who knew how long.

Muste, who was shedding tears, opened his mouth with an expression of having resolved something.

“Sir Viscount.”

Konce as well as everyone's gazed turned towards him.

Muste, with his fists clenched, added on.

"Not that it came to this, let us find a new master."

Boom!

Instantly, everyone made dazed expressions.

Expressions as if they were strongly hit on the back of their heads.

Muste did not mind them and continued to speak his words.

"The master has given us up first. We won't receive criticisms for looking for a new master."

"Hmm."

Konce leaked a quite groan.

A silence fell once again.

However, the silence this time was of slightly different mood than before.

A peculiar mood.

"I concur with Baron Bonen's suggestion, sir."

"If it's this situation, we don't know when our necks will fall off either way."

"Prince Tommy humiliated general. We cannot serve him any further."

"Furthermore, Prince Tommy is too cruel. Not only the enemy, he laughs at the lives of ally soldiers."

"The resentment of the kingdom's citizens too is widespread."

Heated voices caught onto each other and continued on and on.

Muste deeply breathed in.

"Everyone's opinions are coinciding. Sir Viscount....."

He spoke with a voice full of certainty.

“Prince Tommy is finished.”

“Hmm.”

Konce, together with a quiet groan, nodded his head.

His thoughts too weren't very different than the numerous nobles including Muste.

‘Since it came to this.....’

Following Muste's advice and looking for a new master was best plan.

He looked around at many nobles and asked in a quiet voice.

“Who would be good as the new master?”

As soon as his words finished.

“It's Prince Simon.”

“Prince Simon has already climbed onto the throne.”

“More than half of the kingdom is under Prince Simon's influence.”

“The one who would subdue the kingdom is only Prince Simon.”

Although Kallum was holding on well, that was only something possible because Tommy was there.

Since Tommy was at least holding up one side.

But with the desertion of Konce and talented warriors, Tommy would soon completely fall down.

Then Kallum's collapse too was obvious.

Konce, who was quietly listening, cautiously asked.

“How about Count Lancephil?”

A lightly and casually thrown question.

However, its impact was much bigger than he had thought.

The noisy mood cooled down with a rapid speed.

There was no one who carelessly answered.

Ultimately, Muste stepped forwards again this time.

“Would that be alright, sir?”

Question asking Konce.

The difference between serving a prince and a similar noble was big.

Furthermore, Roan was a newly rising noble of ordinary commoner’s background without even a family tree.

For Konce of the Leisi House, which had reputation, it was true that it greatly hurt the pride.

Due to that, the adjutants including Muste decided to directly listen to the answer to the question from Konce.

Konce, slowly closing his eyes, fell into contemplation.

Tragically, the contemplation wasn’t long.

Opening his closed eyes, he shook his head.

“Count Lancephil is a no.”

His pride did not allow it.

“I will go to Prince Simon.”

It truly was a tragic event.

Because of his pride as a noble, Konce had made the worst decision of his one and entire life.

“We will leave once the night deepens.”

There was no need to unnecessarily drag out the time.

There were no legion or troop he was leading below him.

A situation where he simply could take the adjutants at his side and leave right now.

At that moment, Muste unnecessarily looked around the surrounding mood, then spoke in a small voice as if to whisper.

“In that case, wouldn’t it be better to bring a present?”

“A present?”

Konce creased his brows.

“Yes. A present, sir.”

On the other hand, Muste, whose reins were untied, truly had no hesitation.

In truth, Simon’s camp was a state where numerous adjutants had already occupied important positions.

The possibility of Konce, who he fiercely fought until just yesterday, of receiving a crucial position beyond that was very thin.

However, the story was different if he were to surrender while bringing a present together.

“And a very big present at that, sir.”

“If it’s a big present..... perhaps.....?”

Konce twisted his face as if finding it hard to believe.

Numerous nobles dryly swallowed with tense expressions.

Muste, with a cold expression, nodded his head.

“Let us bring Prince Tommy’s head.”

“Damn it! Wine, bring me the wine!”

Tommy kicked over a table and shouted.

Maids and attendants, with completely nervous expressions, brought out a new jug of liquor.

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp.

Tommy drank not with a cup but with the jug itself.

Those flowing outside of his mouth exceeded the half.

The maids and attendants, lining up long alongside one wall, merely watched Tommy's mood.

That too displeased Tommy's feelings.

"Get out!"

The instant his roar fell down, the maids and attendants went out of the living room.

"Lowly and disgusting things....."

Tommy spat out curses at the maids and attendants who weren't even seen, then placed his mouth on the liquor jug once again.

He emptied out five jugs as big as an adult by himself.

An incredible drinking capacity.

Thanks to that, the wine emptied out in an instant.

"Bring the wine! I said bring the wine!"

Tommy shouted aloud towards the outside of the door.

But for some reason, the attendants and maids gave no answer at all.

"These bitches....."

Tommy staggeringly stood up and moved his steps towards the door.

"All of you must want your heads cut off."

With a roar, the living room's door widely opened up.

Instantly, a disgusting and bloody scent grazed through the tip of his nose.

"Un?"

Tommy looked at the corridor that spread outside of the living

room and creased his brows.

The scenery of the corridor was horrendous.

The attendants and maids, all with their necks cut, were fallen down.

“What is this.....”

From the unexpected sight and intoxication, the sight in front of his eyes shook.

At that moment, men of black night-traveling clothes jumped out from a cornered place on the corridor.

“Eh?! Eh, eh!”

Literally an abrupt situation.

Tommy, without even being able to resist properly, was led by the men’s hands and was thrown inside the living room.

“Who, who are you!”

Together with a roar, his limbs dizzily moved.

A useless resistance.

That was almost like a drunkard’s squirming.

“Tommy. Can you not recognize me?”

A composed tone and voice.

Tommy, who was struggling, only then collected his breath and looked at the men.

The one who was standing foremost amongst them.

“Konce Leisi?”

Tommy creased his brows.

The candlelight inside the living room brightly shone the men’s faces.

The men of night-traveling outfits were Konce and his adjutants.

“You, you bastard dare.....”

Tommy shook his finger at him and trembled his entire body.

Because of intoxication, he couldn't clearly discern the situation.

Konce clicked his tongue as he watched that sight.

“Tch tch tch. To think I put my life on the line and fought for a man like this.....”

The lost years were regrettable.

Sseureng.

Konce pulled out a dagger from his clothes.

The sharp blade reflected the candlelight and flashed.

“P, perhaps.....?!”

Tommy's face only then was bleached white.

He moved back while flopped down on the ground.

“Ko, Konce Leisi. No, Viscount Leisi. A, are you betraying me right now?”

An expression petrified with fear.

Konce snorted.

“I'm not a viscount but a baron.”

Sarcastic words.

Tommy awkwardly smiled and shook his head.

“Th, that's something I misspoke from getting angry for a moment, and.....”

He thought that Konce had a dissatisfaction from having his status fallen down.

Tommy wanted to avoid this situation in any way.

Konce pointed at Tommy with the tip of his dagger.

“You said that I wasn't the enemy's nightmare but the friendly's

nightmare, no?”

Calmly asking voice.

Tommy quickly shook his head.

“That too was my slip of tongue.”

At those words, Konce nodded his head.

“Yes. That definitely is a slip of the tongue. I’m not the friendly’s nightmare, but.....”

Konce kneeled down on one knee and grabbed Tommy’s head with one hand.

At the same time, he thrust the dagger long forwards.

Ssskuk.

“Tommy. Because I’m you bastard’s nightmare.”

Konce bloodily smiled and twisted his wrist.

“Kuuk. Ho, how could I like this.....”

Tommy, as if unable to believe, clutched the dagger with his hands.

Veins arose on his eyes and drool flowed from his mouth.

“E, even though the throne was just in front.....”

Tommy, leaving behind a ridiculous sound as his last words, dropped his head.

“He says nonsense to the end.”

Konce shook his head while he pulled out the dagger.

He casually glanced at Tommy who sprawled out, then signaled with his hands towards his adjutants.

Soon, Muste stepped forwards and cleanly cut off Tommy’s head.

Konce deeply breathed in.

“Now, we are immediately going to Prince Simon, no, his majesty

the king.”

He pointed back and forth between Tommy’s head and the liquor jug.

“Let him at least drink as much wine as he wishes while going all the way to the capital, Miller.”

“Yes. Understood, sir.”

Muste immediately answered, then immersed Tommy’s head inside a small jug of wine.

It was a measure to slip out of Tommy’s temporary mansion.

Soon, numerous nobles including Konce exited out of the living room and hid their bodies inside the darkness.

Tommy’s death was discovered only after quite a longer time had passed than they had thought.

It was because Tommy had usually greatly disliked people visiting or getting close to his residence without permission.

However, the biggest reason was that the one who was originally responsible for the mansion’s guarding was one of Konce’s adjutants.

Tommy’s death soon spread to the entire kingdom.

Of course, the one who came into contact with the news the foremost was Roan.

He, at the Agens agent’s report, lowered the teacup he held and exhaled a short sigh.

“In the end, it became like so.”

Quietly murmuring sound.

In the last life, the very first one to die amongst the three princes was also Tommy Rinse.

Roan stood up from his seat and went outside of the barrack.

A clear sunlight poured down on top of his head.

“Then the next is.....”

His gaze headed towards the giant river that flowed in front of the camp.

No, to be exact, it went towards the grand castle wall that was located beyond that.

A giant castle that had splendor that couldn't easily be seen anywhere else.

It was the capital, Miller.

“Prince Simon's turn, is it.....”

Roan's voice rode the southern wind and flowed towards the North.

Chapter 204: Amaranth (4)

The Webster House was one of the founding retainers of the Rinse Kingdom.

Liste, who was the progenitor of the Webster House, aided Norman Rinse of countryside noble origin and built the Rinse Kingdom.

Afterwards, the Webster House remained as a house of loyal subjects even through numerous ups and downs.

But around the time when Marquis Ettley Webster, the grandfather of the current head of the house and one of the kingdom's four dukes, Bradley Webster, had just turned twenty, an incredibly insulting and appalling event occurred.

Lent Von Rinse, who had just climbed onto the throne at the time, had seen Ettley's fiancée Violet Rever, became enamored at first sight, then forcibly raped her and made her his concubine.

Ettley who was hot-blooded at the time tried to immediately attack the palace, but Kevin Webster, his father and the head of the Webster House at the time, shed tears of blood and pulled him back.

Because it was obvious that the cold-blooded and atrocious King Lent won't leave Ettley as well as the Webster House alone.

Kevin persuaded Ettley with a feverishly boiling heart, and Ettley could only swallow tears of blood and swear of future revenge.

Since then, Ettley acted as if he was loyal to the Rinse Royalty on the outside and schemed an immense and grand revenge on the inside.

That revenge was the very destruction of the Rinse Royalty.

"It took a longer time than we had thought."

Reminiscing the house's ancient desire and terrible secret,

Bradley exhaled a long sigh.

“Huu.”

His heart kept soaring up with pride.

Continuing through his grandfather and his father, the time had finally come to finish this long and prolonged plan of revenge with his own hands.

Bradley looked at Viscount Lapa Kathers, one of his closest aide and of the house's branch families.

“How did it go on Marquis Abrie Page's side?”

If speaking of Marquis Abrie Page, he was the father of Simon Rinse's fiancée, Rodite Page.

“He has decided to clean up Princess Katy together with his daughter Miss Rodite.”

“That's quite good.”

The work was flowing as planned and without a single fault.

Bradley, standing up from his seat, fixed his dress.

“Lapa. I will go to the palace, so you clean up the capital during that time.”

“Yes sir. Please do not worry.”

Lapa immediately lowered his head.

Bradley nodded with a satisfied expression, then looked at the young men who were spread out behind him.

“Let's go.”

An order given with a calm voice.

The young men bowed with courteous expressions.

“Yes. Sir Duke.”

The men following Bradley who was walking ahead and moving along.

The men of somehow dark and dreary eyes were the hexers who had hidden their traces from the world.

They had finally showed up in the capital, Miller, to finish Bradley's ancient scheme and desire.

The young man who was walking the foremost amongst the hexers.

The young man who was uncommonly wearing glasses looked at the back of Bradley's head and formed an odd smile.

'Duke Bradley Webster. I give my applause to your working effortfully until now for the house's revenge. But.....'

From deep within his eyes, a cold light poured out.

'Your resentment is nothing compared to us hexers' resentments. Since we were literally thrown away by all humans. Kukuku.'

A laughter rose up all the way to his throat.

A laughter smeared with thick deploration.

This world was a hell for the hexers.

Only to the hexers.

'And thus we extended our hand to the Webster House first.'

It wasn't that Bradley had looked for the hexers first as he thought.

In fact, Bradley and the hexers' meeting occurred much earlier than he thought.

Only, Bradley wasn't able to remember it at all.

The glasses man breathed in deeply.

'Duke Bradley Webster. You've done well until now.'

A furtively said goodbye.

'I will now let you rest deeply.'

The glasses man, he was Hesul, the very master of the hexers.

“My lord. It’s as we expected.”

Austin lowered his head with a solidly stiffened expression.

The expressions of Chris, Keep, and so on who followed along were also not good.

Roan, who was checking the documents inside the barrack, nodded his head with a calm expression.

“I see. So it ultimately became like that.”

Roan pushed away the document he was reading and exhaled a long sigh.

Chris, with a short sigh, made his report.

“Amongst the many candidates we predicted, Clay chose Duke Webster. Also, he had began disruption of intelligence together with the druids.”

“He is also intentionally placing snags in the military ration supplying.”

Keep added on.

Austin, Chris, and Keep’s reports were those concerning Clay.

“Although it’s all something we expected, it can’t be helped feeling unfortunate and regrettable even so.”

Roan made a bitter smile.

Clay.

To the people of Lancephil County including Roan, he was literally a object of love and hatred.

His abilities were more outstanding than anyone.

When the retainers were showing unconditional loyalty towards Roan, he alone had raised remonstrations as well.

The problem was that disregarding above and below, he neither

gave trust to people around him nor received it.

He was meticulously alone and used and employed people for his own interests and abilities.

Spying and monitoring Roan too was one type of such work.

‘He not only completely grasped the fief’s state of living the instant he returned to his original position from bottom rank administrator but also is running it truly efficiently. Furthermore, the supplying of military ration too is perfect.’

Since the moment the Lancephil Fief Regiment entered the throne succession war, there was not a single time they returned to the fief.

Swirling through the North and the Northwest, the Center and the East, the Southeast and the South and so on, they were repeatedly waging countless battles.

Naturally, the supply route became longer the more and more time flowed.

Here, Roan began to use up incredibly large amount of military rations while providing relief to the kingdom’s citizens who experienced the calamity of the war.

The very individual who cleaned up all of these complicated situations and supplied military rations to the large-scale legion without a snag was Clay.

That ability was so excellent that it was at a level where even the Count Lancephil House’s retainers who burst out in rage for having spied and monitored Roan, who was their lord, would shake their heads and purely exclaim.

It was a level where few retainers would opine that they must reform Clay and continue to bring him along as an ally in any way possible.

Roan stood up from his seat and headed out of the barrack.

‘Huu.’

He wanted to feel fresh air at least due to his frustrated heart.

Austin and the crowd followed behind him and asked in a quiet voice.

“Although Clay still doesn’t know of it, the trap we prepared on our side is perfect, my lord. Just.....”

He hesitated for a moment, then carefully added on.

“His abilities certainly is regrettable, my lord. I’m worried that there may be a vacuum in the military ration supplying and fief’s administration from now on.”

In truth, such symptoms were already showing up.

As according to Chris and Keep’s reports, it was because Clay was disturbing information and creating problems in the ration supplying as he wished.

Although there was no big problem at least on the intelligence side because Agens and Tenebra Troop had already made plenty of preparations beforehand, there was no obvious solution to military ration supplying and the fief’s administration.

Especially in the case of military ration supplying, large impacts were felt on the morales of the frontline troops who were fighting battles daily even if a delay occurred for just a day or two.

Austin was full of worries.

On the other hand, Roan was relaxed without any worries.

“There is no need to worry about the ration problem.”

Words spat out as if casually thrown.

Chris, who was staying quiet, carefully asked.

“Do you mean the Black Amaranth and the Sale Company, my lord?”

In truth, there was no way that he wouldn’t have made

preparatory measures concerning the military ration supplying and fief's administration even when he had predicted that Clay would betray him.

As a preparation for military ration supplying, he had prepared the previous Black Rinse, now the Black Amaranth, and the Sale Company.

It was a plan to receive a very small amount of food from the citizens who supported and were under Roan's influence as aid, while simultaneously obtaining incredible amount of food using the enormous wealth Princess Aily Rinse had as basis.

Roan wordlessly nodded his head.

With just those two preparations, it was obvious that the Lancephil Fief Regiment's military rations would exceed the level of being plenty to be comfortably well-off.

But even so, Austin's expression wasn't good.

"I apologize for saying these words, but..... military ration isn't a problem that can be solved merely because the foods are plenty. Providing supply exactly at the needed amount and at the needed time to the right men at right place is more important, my lord. While also solving the countless problems and works tied to supply route, supply troops, security troops, and so on."

Until now, Clay had shouldered and perfectly executed those incredible works alone.

Roan nodded his head.

He too knew what exactly Austin's worry was.

However, Roan still had no particular worry.

"Don't worry. Since there's a perfect man to take on that work."

"A perfect man? Are you saying that there was someone else who could take on this many works alone besides Clay, sir?"

Austin, with a shocked expression, asked back.

Chris and Keep too were of curious expressions.

Roan faintly smiled and shook his head.

“I misspoke. It’s not a perfect man but perfect men.”

“By perfect men.....?”

Keep couldn’t hold on and cut in.

The smile hanging on Roan’s mouth became much thicker.

“Swift, Buro, Raitler, Rotner, Griffin, Nunse.”

Six people’s names.

“.....”

Austin had no particular reaction.

Because they were almost completely unfamiliar names.

Even to Chris and Keep, who were leading Agens and Tenebra Troop, the intelligence agencies that were counted as the greatest within the fief, no, within the kingdom, they were completely unknown names.

“They’re names I have never heard before, my lord. Would it be fine to leave such a crucial work to men whose names we’ve never heard of before?”

Austin asked with a greatly worried expression.

Chris and Keep too were also the same in being worried.

Roan quietly stared at those three people, then cheerfully smiled and answered.

“They’re people Onil recommended.”

“Ah.....”

The three people let out quiet exclamations.

Director Onil of Lancephil Division of Human Resources.

His eyes for seeing people were excellent and definite without a

cause to doubt.

“If it’s Director Onil’s recommendation, then I’m relieved.”

“Right, sir.”

“A worry disappeared.”

Austin, Chris, and Keep formed bright smiles.

Their trust towards Onil.

That was amazingly thick enough for him to abruptly name six men who they had never heard before as managers of military ration supplying and the fief’s administration.

Roan slowly nodded his head.

“Yes. So I’m also looking forwards to it. To how great an ability those six people will show.....”

Swift, Buro, Raitler, Rotner, Griffin, Nunse.

This was the very first appearance of the six talents who would later be called Lancephil’s Six Brains.

“Hex?”

Simon Rinse creased his brows.

Because he had heard a completely unexpected story from Bradley.

“Are you saying that we’re going to use hex to control the evil mana inside my body?”

“That is correct. Your majesty.”

Bradley slightly lowered his head, then added on.

“Your majesty’s evil mana has invaded inside your head and is encroaching on your sanity. Although annihilating the evil mana itself through the Holy Palace’s God’s Medicine is the most desirable solution, the means to obtain the God’s Medicine is

nonexistent at the moment.”

A situation where they can't help but find the best alternative plan.

“If we use the hex to vitalize the mind and place a barrier on the brain's edge so that the evil mana cannot invade, the evil mana will not be able to invade into your head and encroach on your sanity. Although this is merely a best alternative, it technically is a very efficient and great solution where you can maintain the mind clearly while using the powerful strength the evil mana has as is.”

He did not unnecessarily hid the information concerning the hexers' identity and the information about the hexes.

Because the probability of their identity being discovered during the process of placing the hex was very high either way.

Simon sat down on the throne and looked back and forth between Bradley and the hexeres.

‘Hex, is it.....’

It was true that he felt leery.

He knew well of the perverseness the hexers had done long ago.

However, his current condition was too desperate and perilous to simply shoo them away.

‘Now, I don't only lose my sanity when getting angry but frequently lose my mind at any moment.’

A feeling as if he himself was slowly disappearing by bits.

If a little more time passed like this.

‘It feels like the existence called myself will completely disappear and only a shell will remain.’

He couldn't endlessly place his hopes only on the Holy Palace's God's Medicine either.

‘I am now Rinse Kingdom's king.’

Although he was an incomplete king who didn't have the royal family's crest and the national seal, he occupied the apex of the Rinse Kingdom's political power.

The seat he wished for so much.

'Now, I must clean up my two brothers and lead the kingdom to a path of prosperity.'

That was the very role of King Simon.

For the brilliant future, there was a need for him to control his evil mana.

Uddk.

He tightly clenched his teeth.

Simon looked straight into Bradley's eyes.

"Alright. Let's control the evil mana with the hex."

"You've thought well, your majesty."

Bradley brightly smiled and lowered his head.

He soon looked at the hexers lined up behind him and signaled with his eyes.

Master Hesul, who was standing foremost amongst the hexers, stepped forwards.

"I am Master Hesul, your majesty. I will make your majesty free."

Strange words.

"Yes. It's much too suffocating because of the evil mana."

Simon, nodding his head, straightened his posture.

Soon, the hexers including Hesul swarmed up around Simon.

Simon, while sitting on the throne, closed his eyes.

"Then we will begin."

Hesul was of slightly tensed look.

Bradley too tensed up together.

‘Yes. The Webster House’s wish is finally resolving!’

His heart rapidly raced.

His eyes became hot and a faint smile hanged on his mouth.

‘It isn’t simply making the evil mana rampage.’

The original plan tried to cause Simon’s evil mana to rampage and then end the event with merely eliminating him.

However, it was a situation where the throne succession war still hadn’t ended.

If they rashly killed Simon here, the other surviving princes could climb onto the king’s throne.

‘I will make Simon into my puppet with the hexer bastards’ hex.’

Controlling his mind.

He planned to lead the throne succession war to victory and play around to his heart’s content, then personally cut his neck at a dramatic situation.

The smile hanging on Bradley’s mouth became much thicker.

At that moment.

“Wait.”

Simon opened the eyes he closed and stared at Bradley who was standing still.

“Maternal grandfather. No, grandpa.”

“Yes. Your majesty.”

Bradley, inwardly shocked, quickly lowered his head.

“Please raise your head.”

Simon’s voice pierced through his ears.

A somehow calm and gentle voice.

Bradley slowly raised his head.

‘Hmm.’

A quiet groan filled up to his throat.

He was smiling.

Although definitely faint, Simon was warmly smiling.

With the freedom from evil mana that tormented his entire life in front of his eyes, he was feeling a very brief calm and peace.

“Once I control the evil mana and become clear of mind, I should also be able to become a wise king.”

“Of course. You will definitely become a honorable and wise king that will be left in history.”

Bradley quickly answered without an instant of hesitation.

Simon spat out a long sigh and nodded his head.

He hesitated a little unlike him, then asked in a small voice.

“Grandpa. Do you perhaps regret teaching me the Pienville Mana Technique?”

The Pienville Mana Technique that shook and twisted Simon’s life from the roots.

The forbidden mana technique known as devil’s mana technique and held a horrifying history.

The one who obtained that mana technique and passed it to Simon was actually Bradley.

Bradley, without able to easily answer, quietly stared at Simon.

‘Regret? There’s no way I’ll do such a thing. But.....’

He couldn’t answer like that.

“I regret it.”

The lie jumped out like a truth.

Simon deeply breathed in.

“Please don’t regret it. Because it’s not grandpa’s fault. It’s all something I chose.”

There truly were many events to the two people.

Stories winding and deep enough to be unable to ever lay out shortly.

Simon slowly closed his eyes.

“Once I open my eyes again, a new world will begin.”

That was the last.

Simon slowly nodded his head.

Meaning to start the hex ceremony.

Hesul signaled to numerous hexers with his eyes, then pulled up his divine power.

Wuung. Wuung. Wuung.

Together with a sound of vibration, black lights swayed in the hexers’ eyes.

The hexers including Hesul dizzily moved their hands and drew a bizarre figure.

The black lights swaying in their eyes disappeared and instead a much darker black light flowed out from their hands.

The black light murkily moved as if a snake and expanded its size, then soon tightly wrapped around Simon’s head and body.

“Hhm.”

At the chilly feeling, Simon unknowingly leaked a quiet groan.

At that instant.

Paat!

The black light greatly swayed once, then were sucked into Simon’s nose.

An incredible speed.

The black light that was wrapping around his entire body disappeared in an instant.

“Uuuuuuuh.”

A painful sound of groan.

Simultaneously, Simon’s body sharply shook.

Through the closed eyes and mouth, nose and ears, the black light repeated leaking out and entering back in.

“Uaaaaak!”

Simon couldn’t endure no more and screamed out.

A pain like the inside of his head was smouldering up.

From the glaringly opened eyes and widely open mouth, the black light poured out like a fountain.

“Seal!”

When Hesul loudly shouted, two amongst the hexeres changed the shape of their hands and separately chanted a new hex.

Instantly, Simon’s eyes and mouth closed on their own.

“Uuuuh!”

Simon pulled up all his strength wishing to at least scream as much as he could, but couldn’t achieve his desire.

His mouth and eyes did not move a bit as if they had become attached just like that.

Kugugugugung!

Instead, the trembling of his body became more severe.

Simon, almost as if the throne would break apart, greatly shook up and down and side to side.

Gulp.

Even Bradley, who was watching, dryly swallowed at the fearsome and bizarre scene.

After who knew how long.

The black light that was leaking little by little out disappeared and Simon too slowly found calm.

The greatly trembling body too did not move any further.

Coincidentally, Hesul spat out a long sigh.

“Huu.”

As if they had been waiting, the other hexers too undid the hand gestures that were forming bizarre geometric shapes and spat out long sighs.

Simultaneously, Simon opened his closed eyes.

Paat!

A black light flashed.

“Hhm.”

Bradley unknowingly let out a groan.

They were black.

Simon's eyes that shone with bright brown light was colored with a thick black light.

Simon, with his eyes open, did not even twitch.

He merely sat on the throne and quietly breathed shallow breath.

Bradley looked at Hesul and asked in a quiet voice.

“Ho, how did it go?”

At those words, Hesul brightly smiled and nodded his head.

“It's a perfect success.”

“Su, success? Then that means even the suppressed evil mana has all woken up, right?”

Bradley repeatedly asked.

Hesul nodded his head.

“Yes. Even the evil mana he has limited with his mind until now has all woken up. Now, there won’t be anyone amongst the humans who could face his majesty the king, no, Simon.”

The instant his words finished, Bradley burst out a crazed laughter.

“Kuhahahahaha!”

Only after laughing for a long time did he ask with a brightly flushed face.

“His mind is also perfectly controlled?”

“Of course. Simon is now no more than a mere puppet doll.”

“Good. Good.”

Bradley nodded his head with a satisfied expression.

He quietly looked at Simon and snorted out a laughter.

“Hmph. What? Have I ever regret teaching you the Pienville Mana Technique? Of course not! It’s one of the best things I’ve done in my life. Kukuku.”

Bradley slowly moved his steps.

He stood right in front of Simon and formed a bloody smile.

“Simon. I plan to turn you into a devil. A devil amongst devils who pull out people’s heads to kill and chew their raw flesh. When everyone tremble in fear, I will step up at that moment and cut off your head. I will become a hero who saved the kingdom, who saved the world and become the founding progenitor of the new Webster Kingdom. Kukuku.”

Bradley brushed Simon’s head.

Simon, still with his eyes open, did not move a bit.

“You say a new world will begin when you open your eyes again? Kukuku. But what do we do? Even though a new world is starting, only I got to see that.”

Teasing and sarcastic sounds filled the inside of the grand hall.

At that moment.

“Who knows. That sounds like incorrect words.”

Suddenly, Hesul brightly smiled and shook his head.

Bradley creased his brows.

“What’s that supposed to.....”

However, he couldn’t continue his words to the end.

Ssskuk.

Because Simon, who was sitting blankly, had extended his right hand and pierced Bradley’s lower abdomen.

“Kuhuk. Wh, what is, ha, happeni.....”

At the abrupt situation, Bradley widely opened his eyes and opened his mouth wide.

An incredible pain pushed up from his lower abdomen.

At that moment.

“Kukuku. What do you mean what is happening. You bastard got completely deceived by me.”

Hesul snorted and approached Bradley’s side.

Bradley, because of Simon’s arm that was piercing through his stomach, couldn’t even move as he wished.

Hesul brushed Bradley’s face with a long finger.

“Bradley Webster. You’ve done well until now moving as I wished.”

“You, you bitch.....”

Bradley spat out a curse with bloodied eyes.

Hesul, with a tip of his finger, stabbed those eyes.

“Uaaaak!”

Bradley poured out blood and screamed.

Hesul, shaking off the blood smudged on the tip of his finger, continued on.

“Although controlling Simon’s mind and making him a puppet is correct, the owner of that puppet isn’t you. It’s me, Hesul. Kukukuku.”

He tapped Bradley’s shoulders.

A feeling as if consoling and complimenting saying he worked hard until now.

“Simon becomes seized by madness, kills his maternal grandfather Duke Bradley Webster, and soak the world with blood. Why he went mad, that kind of reason isn’t important. The important thing is, that the crazed monarch Simon will bring end to the world.”

Hesul spoke in Bradley’s ears as if to whisper.

“What do you think? It’s a good scenario, no? It’s much better than cliché scenario of you becoming a hero and a founding progenitor. Kuku.”

“You, you crazy.....”

Bradley’s voice was slowly losing strength.

Hesul nodded his head.

“Yes. I’m crazy. I couldn’t not go crazy.”

The smile hanging on his mouth disappeared and malice and killing intent flashed in his eyes.

“I was born in the darkness and could only grow up in the darkness. Although I was a same human, I had to live while

running from humans. The world was a hell. The problem was that this damned world was only a hell-like world to us. So I decided. That I'll make other human bastards also experience the same hell we tasted and endured."

A killing intent flowed in his voice.

"Crazed Monarch Simon, the Mad Monarch Simon is merely the start of our plan. Since we'll definitely turn this damnable world into a real hell."

"Kuuuuk."

Rather than answering, Bradley leaked a groan.

'Wh, what have I..... '

He reprimanded his own stupidity and ignorance.

But the situation was simply and much too late.

Hesul looked at Bradley's face soaked in pain and snickered out a laughter.

"Don't be so pained. Since dying now instead will truly be a happy and thankful thing."

He slightly stepped back.

He was now going to send Bradley off.

When he give the order through his head, Simon would immediately rip apart Bradley's torso.

"Good bye. It looks like we will have to see the new world only by ourselves."

"Kuuk!"

Bradley clenched his teeth.

Hesul tried to give the order through his head but paused.

A peculiar smile hanged on his mouth.

"Ah! Something I want to ask came up."

He looked straight at Bradley.

“How is it? Do you regret what you did to Simon?”

The question Simon asked Bradley.

Bradley tightly clenched his teeth.

‘I regret it. You damned son of a bitch!’

Even though he wanted to answer, his mouth didn’t open up.

His breath became shallow.

Hesul’s voice was heard through the edge of his ears.

“Ah..... you don’t have to answer. Just give the answer when you meet Simon later. I’ll send him along soon.”

Simultaneously, he gave the order through his head.

As if he had been waiting, Simon, who hadn’t even been twitching, moved his right arm.

The right arm that was piercing Bradley’s stomach mercilessly moved.

“Kkuaaaak!”

Bradley’s scream fully filled the grand hall.

Simultaneously, the body that had been strong was ripped apart into tens of pieces.

Tutud.

Blood and pieces of flesh fell onto the floor.

“Kukukuku.”

Hesul, seeing that sight, burst out a crazed laughter.

Brushing Simon’s head, who was sitting on the throne, he deeply breathed in.

“Simon.”

Quietly calling voice.

“Yes.”

Surprisingly, Simon answered in a voice completely not different than usual.

Of course, his eyes were still black.

Hesul cutely smiled as if such Simon was cute, then whispered in a quiet voice.

“Should we now go to make a new world?”

“Yes. Understood.”

Simon slightly lowered his head.

The black eyes aberrantly flashed.

Rinse Kingdom’s incomplete king Simon Rinse.

Just like the last life, he had become a mad monarch.

But no one could know where in the last life and current life was same and where was different.

The reason he became the Mad Monarch? The time he became the Mad Monarch? The situation the Mad Monarch killed Bradley?

There was nothing certain.

However, one could guess that the world Hesul desired wasn’t quite a beautiful world.

However, before the Hex Master Hesul and the Mad Monarch Simon went out to make a new world, there was one who stepped forwards a step ahead of them in order to create a new world.

Furthermore, the world he declared he would create was a truly peaceful and beautiful world of salvation where everyone could live well in.

The person who stepped forwards saying he would create a world that anyone could live happily in.

He was no other than Roan Lancephil.

Roan Lancepihl the Crimson Ghost against Mad Monarch Simon,
Hex Master Hesul.

A new world versus a new world.

Who wins and what kind of world unfolds was something one
would had to watch to know.

Chapter 205: Amaranth (5)

“Kkuaaaaak!”

An awful scream that shook hearts just from hearing.

The sound of scream did not end from every direction.

“Who, who is it this time?”

“Don’t know. Maybe Sir Baron Mott?”

“Sir Viscount Leonnels, Sir Viscount Polk, Sir Viscount Tris and Sir Baron Mott following.....”

“Just what is going on.....”

It was an event that had already been going on for three days.

The knight order that poured out from the palace was arresting and executing close-aide nobles of Simon Rinse and their families.

At first, the Miller Castle’s residents thought that Tommy Rinse or Kallum Rinse’s forces had conquered Miller.

Because it was an event that hard to understand.

But soon, the one who was commanding at the head of this event was revealed to be Simon.

Because it was an event that happened so lightning-fast, and because it was something no one had expected at all, the heads of countless nobles who supported Simon were cut off without putting up single proper resistance.

The nobles who were in their fiefs instead of Miller were also the same.

A situation where the majority of them had sent one of their children to their mansions in the capital, Miller.

It was a decision made to show one’s own loyalty as the throne succession war unfolded.

However, that decision had now become a shackle that chained their own ankles.

“To arrest and kill all the close aides when the kingdom still hasn’t been calmed down.....”

“You said it. What would he do if the other princes cooperate and invade..... ehoo.”

The situation where Tommy’s death still hadn’t been known.

“According to the rumors, they say even Sir Count Lancephil has become distanced from his majesty the king.”

“It’s ominous, really ominous. And how will he fill all those empty seats of nobles.....”

Worrisome stories followed on and on.

However, these worries were merely baseless fears.

Because right after the influential nobles who were residing in the capital, Miller, were all executed and as if they had been waiting, new individuals were employed in groups to the important seats that had become empty.

Especially for the seat of prime minister that would replace Bradley Webster, who was Simon’s maternal grandfather and one of the kingdom’s four dukes, a young man who just passed his mid-twenties was named and brought large shocks.

The young man, who somehow was exuding a dreary feeling, was unusually wearing glasses.

< Viscount Konce Leisi has cut off Prince Tommy Rinse’s head and has surrendered to King Simon Rinse! > One rumor shook the entire Rinse Kingdom.

However, the rumor that spread at the same time was even more shocking.

< Duke Bradley Webster and influential nobles had schemed a treason but were discovered and all executed! > Simon's faction was greatly shaking and Tommy's faction collapsed.

Kallum was collecting his breath in his territory and was increasing his army.

A large change had appeared in the throne succession war.

"The screams are not ending in the capital right now."

"They say the plaza's floor has been completely colored with blood."

"They say corpses are piled like a small hill outside the western gate."

Horrendous and frightening reports continued.

However, an even bigger problem was the story that followed afterwards.

"This cruel and horrendous act of execution has gone beyond the nobles and is continuing on even to the ordinary citizens of the castle."

It was the truth.

After executing all the nobles of the capital, Miller, Simon dragged out even the ordinary residents of the castle who had records of sympathizing with them and cut their necks as he wished.

Not only that, he increased the members of vigilance, arrested and ripped off the limbs of all those who casually gathered and chatted or made statements that were even a little critical of the royalty.

A literally gruesome reign of terror was being executed.

"With the capital, Miller, at the center, the people....."

A momentarily hesitating sound.

Soon, the rest of the words continued with a short sigh.

“Are calling his majesty the king the Mad Monarch.”

“Hhm.”

Many people leaked quiet groans.

From listening just to the rumors, it was something that would more than plentifully would have had happened.

The people's gazes headed towards the head seat.

The young man rubbing his forehead with his right hand and submerged in contemplation.

‘In the end, it's flowing exactly like the last life.’

His head throbbed.

The young man's identity was Roan Lancephil.

‘I was complacent.’

Roan clenched his teeth.

Originally, he planned to immediately lead the Fief Regiment and charge if a large misfortune happened in the capital, Miller.

Because of such reason, he had intentionally set up his main army's camp near the capital, Miller.

However, he couldn't check whether that large misfortune would be Simon's death or Bradley's death.

Roan, through the information he gathered until now and the hexers' memories, judged that the possibility of Simon dying was slightly higher.

Regrettably, that judgment was wrong.

Although the memories of the hexers Roan absorbed were definitely useful, they too hadn't known all of the plan.

‘I originally planned to attack Bradley who killed Simon, catch him, and make him pay for his sins, but.....’

Everything had become erred.

The plan to interrogate Bradley and sweep up the faction and Clay that participated in the treason also became void.

Of course.

‘I can simply build plans up again.’

There was no reason to be greatly depressed by just that.

Although it was an outcome different than the expected, Simon killing Bradley and rampaging was something he already experienced in the last life.

He knew exactly what he would have to do from now on.

But the thing Roan was pained by was.

‘Blood that didn’t have to be spilled has been spilt.’

The countless people who died from Mad Monarch Simon’s hands.

Failing to protect them hanged on his heart.

“Huu.”

A long sigh naturally came out.

Austin, who had been watching, cautiously asked with a solidly stiffen expression.

“My lord. What should we do?”

Other numerous retainers were also the same.

Roan couldn’t easily answer.

He was truly at a loss on how to explain to them the events that would unfold from now on.

At that moment.

“You, you can’t!”

The outside of the barrack became noisy.

Everyone's gazes turned towards the exit.

The thick cloth was roughly pushed open and soon a middle-age man of a large stature showed up.

A truly troubled look.

“Eh?!”

“Uhm!”

The Count Lancephil House's retainers including Austin all stood up from their seats.

Reflexive actions.

Roan too stood up with a slightly surprised look.

“My lord. I'm sorry. He went in obstinately that we couldn't quite.....”

The guards who followed in a step late flustered and lowered their heads.

Roan lightly waved his hand.

“It's fine. Go out for now.”

The guards glanced at each other, then soon saluted and went out of the barrack.

Roan quietly stood and stared at the middle-aged man who suddenly came into the barrack.

An odd silence fell down inside the barrack.

A moment later, the middle-aged man lowered his head first and opened his mouth.

“Greetings to Sir Count Lancephil.”

A polite yet bold and daring presence was felt.

Roan too lowered his head.

“I didn't know that I would meet you here like this. Viscount Ruin.”

The middle-aged man, surprising, was Simon's right-hand man Viscount Tio Ruin.

Tio bitterly smiled and nodded his head.

"I too didn't think I would visit you like this."

A voice rubbing off with thick regret.

With calm eyes, he looked at Roan.

"Sir Count Lancephil."

Roan, instead of answering, nodded his head.

He calmly awaited the words to follow.

Tio, spitting out a long sigh, added on.

"Please kill....."

A truly pained expression.

"His majesty the king."

Boom.

For an instant, a giant shock stormed inside the barrack.

'Did I hear it right just now?'

'No way. Sir Viscount Tio wants his majesty the king to be.....?'

'They're completely unexpected words.'

The Count Lancephil House's retainers couldn't continue the conversation as if dazed.

Understandably, Tio was a man like a clone of Simon who lived his entire life only for Simon.

Even when the throne succession war intensified and Simon gave out cruel orders, the very one who did not leave his side and protected him until the end was Tio.

Because so, there were even stories coming from certain groups that the person closest to Simon wasn't his sister Katy Rinse, his

fiancée Rodite Page, or even his maternal grandfather Bradley Webster but Viscount Tio Ruin.

That he was making a request to Roan right now to kill Simon.

Roan deeply breathed in.

He asked with a calm voice.

“What had happened, sir?”

At those words, Tio answered with a sad expression.

“It’s a little long story.”

No one dared open their mouths.

Tio, reminiscing old memories, added on.

“Everything began the year his majesty the king turned thirteen.”

“Huff. Huff. Huff.”

The scant breath filled up to her throat.

Her ears were stunned and the view in front of her eyes were blurry.

But she couldn’t rest even a little.

‘The pursuit troop has approached right behind us.’

Everything would end the moment she was caught by them She could only clench her teeth and hurry her steps.

That was the only way to maintain her life.

“Princess. This way. Hurry!”

Guardian knight Abel Raimos, who was walking a step ahead, shouted in a desperate voice.

“Huff. Huff. Huff.”

The woman called the princess, without even being able to

answer, merely moved her steps.

At that moment.

Ssweaaaaak!

A sharp sound of impact hit the ears.

Simultaneously.

Puuk!

“Kuk!”

With a horrifying sound, one young knight who was guarding the princess's back lost his life.

“Block them! Don't show a gap!”

When Abel shouted, another knight soon blocked the princess's back and stood his place.

“Hhuhhk.”

The princess's lips sharply trembled.

Tears welled up on her large eyes.

But even during that while, her steps didn't stop.

Abel, watching that sight, tightly clenched his fist.

“Princess Katy. Please don't cry. We will definitely protect your highness the princess.”

A resolute expression floated up fully on his face.

“Th, thanks.”

The princess effortfully smiled and nodded her head.

Bleached white face, completely scared eyes.

The princess was in fact Simon's sister of same mother, Katy Rinse.

“It's the Grain Mountains if we go a little bit more. Once we enter into the middle of the mountains, we should be able to throw off

the pursuit troop. Once we throw the pursuit troop off, we will send people to the capital, Miller. A little more. Please endure a little more.”

Sadly, they did not know of the trouble that happened in the capital, Miller.

Simon was no longer the Simon they knew.

“I, I got it.”

Katy nodded her head.

She too knew very well that there were no good solutions right now.

‘To think elder sister Rodite is trying to kill me.....’

She couldn’t believe it.

Fiancée of her brother and king Simon, Rodite Page.

When she was invited to Marquis Page’s fief, she went out with the thought of occasionally getting some fresh air.

Because the place Page Marquisate was located in was the kingdom’s western region, it was a safe place that didn’t have to worry about throne succession war or foreign nation’s invasion.

Katy, who lived almost as if imprisoned in the palace due to the continuing war and veiled strife, brought only a small number of escorting soldiers along and headed to Page Marquisate.

A truly elated feeling for once.

But the thing actually awaiting Katy when she arrived at the Page Marquisate wasn’t a welcoming event but knights and soldiers who thickly exuded killing intent.

When she was being bewildered, Rodite and her father Marquis Abrie Page appeared.

They abruptly tried to kill Katy.

‘I don’t understand.’

However much she thought, she couldn't find a reason why Rodite, no, Rodite's house was trying to kill her.

Thanks to the escorting knights' desperate fight, Katy was able to barely pierce through the encirclement and run away.

However, Rodite and Abrie formed a pursuit troop and tenaciously chased Katy's back.

Ultimately, Katy couldn't return to the capital, Miler, where Simon was and could only run towards the Grain Mountains in the West.

"We just need to go a little further!"

Abel shouted aloud and pulled up the morale.

In front of their noses, the forest that spread below the Grain Mountains was seen.

The other numerous knights with desperate looks too effortfully formed smiles.

But tragically, their steps could continue no longer.

Dududududu!

With noisy sound of horse hooves, cavalry troops appeared from the left and right.

Simultaneously, tens of arrows cut through the air and flew towards them with sharp sounds of impact.

"Block!"

"Block them!"

The knights, pulling up their mana, swarmed around Katy.

Pububububuk!

Although few arrows hit the armors and swords and were bounced off, others were planted on the bodies of the knights.

"Kuk!"

“Guguk.”

Few knights whose level of mana was low couldn't endure them and passed away.

“Are you alright, your highness?”

Abel and the knights asked in one voice.

“I, I'm fine.”

Katy quickly nodded her head.

Thanks to the knights' devotion, she didn't receive a single wound.

Abel, looking at the cavalry that already surrounded them, bit his lips.

‘Damn it. Even though the Grain Mountains is right in front of us.....’

Furthermore, there was the forest that spread below the mountains if they went just few steps forwards.

If they could at least have entered into the forest, they would have been able to seal the cavalry's mobility.

‘It can't be helped.’

There was only one way to overcome this crisis.

‘We will at least send princess to the forest.’

They could only use the remaining knights as shields.

Nod.

The knights instantly noticed Abel's intention.

They all nodded their heads with resolved expressions.

At that moment.

“You're finally caught.”

Together with a repulsive voice, a beautiful woman and an old

man appeared.

Instantly, Katy's face fiercely flushed.

"Rodite! Abrie!"

The identity of the beautiful woman who appeared riding a graceful horse was Rodite Page.

The old man who stood side by side with her was her father Marquis Abrie Page.

Rodite looked at Katy's completely enraged face and shook her head.

"Why would you run so hard when you know you're going to die like this either way? Do you know how much our knights worked because of you?"

Chiding words.

It truly was ludicrous attitude.

"W, w, wh....."

Katy couldn't easily continue her words and trembled her body.

There was never a time she saw Rodite's such look until now.

She was always graceful and elegant and acted courteously.

"Why are you doing this?"

Katy barely calmed her heart and asked.

She truly was puzzled.

However, Rodite had no particular thoughts of telling it to her.

"Ask your brother about that later."

Waving her finger, she stepped back.

Simultaneously, knights and cavalry each pulled out their weapons.

Sseureng. Sseureng.

The sound of metal horrifyingly echoed.

Abel, spitting out short breath, pulled Katy behind him.

“Princess. Run towards the forest while we attack them.”

“Abel.”

Katy grabbed Abel’s arm with a sad expression.

In her eyes, anger, fear, regret, and many more emotions were storming.

Abel effortfully smiled.

“Please don’t worry. We’ll soon follow you too.”

The moment his words finished.

“That’s right. We’ll definitely follow you, your highness.”

“There’s no way we’ll leave princess alone.”

Many knights brightly smiled and echoed him.

“Funny.”

Rodite who had been watching spat out a cold laughter.

“What are you all doing? Kill them quickly!”

A sharp order fell.

“Yes! Understood!”

The knights and the cavalry answered in one voice and moved their steps.

A tense nervousness stormed the entire battleground.

At that very instant.

“Wow! Why are there so many people at such a remote place?”

Together with a bright voice, a young man of ragged appearance showed up from the forest.

The appearance of the young man who casually walked out of the forest spreading below the Grain Mountains was that of most

wretched beggar amongst beggars.

Perhaps not having grasped the mood at all, he brightly smiled and stepped onto the battlefield.

“Is there some sort of a fight?”

The beggar young man’s eyes twinkled with light.

An expression that was truly being curious.

‘W, what?’

Abel creased his forehead with a flabbergasted expression.

He looked long at the beggar young man.

His hair was bushy and was wildly covering his face, and the piece of cloth draped over him was worn out and frayed to a point of being embarrassing to call it a cloth.

The revealed skin was darkish with a dirty look and black dirt were crammed beneath his nails.

An undeniable look of a beggar.

Suddenly, Abel’s eyes twinkled and shone with light.

‘Spear?’

The beggar young man was holding a long stick that seemed to be a spear on his left hand.

It was a shabby spear made with a long piece of metal without even a blade wildly stabbed onto an end of a solid wooden stick.

‘No. Calling that a spear is an insult to spears.’

Abel shook his head back and forth.

Suddenly.

“What’s that beggar creep supposed to be?”

Rodite’s sharp voice pierced through the ears.

The beggar young man, brightly smiling, brought his left hand to

his chest.

“I’m.....”

An abrupt introduction.

Of course, he didn’t succeed.

Because Rodite coldly laughed out.

“Hmph. I’ve no interest in the identity of likes of you.”

She coldly smiled and added on.

“Since I can just kill you all.”

“Kill me?”

The beggar young man asked back in a shocked voice.

Sadly, there was no answer.

Instead, Marquis Page House’s knights and cavalry raised their weapons and approached.

“Damn it.”

Abel spat out a curse at that sight.

“Oi. It’s dangerous so stay still behind me.”

He entreated to the beggar young man and pulled out his longsword.

The beggar young man, who was pushed back without regards to his volition, looked intensely at Katy at his side.

“Who are they and why are they suddenly trying kill someone?”

Sound of asking in a quiet voice.

At those words, Katy, who had been watching the situation, answered in a small voice.

“Sorry. It’s all because of me.”

“Because of you? Who are you?”

The beggar young man asked with a puzzled look.

Katy exhaled a short sigh.

“My name is Katy Rinse. A princess of the Rinse Kingdom.”

“Ah.....”

The beggar young man let out a quiet exclamation.

Because he hadn't expected possibly meet the kingdom's princess at such an obscure place.

He turned his gaze and looked at the Marquis Page House's knights and cavalry that neared right before them in no time.

“I'm not sure why they're trying to kill princess, but.....”

A smile hanged on the beggar young man's mouth.

“I can't stay still if they're trying to kill me too.”

He tilted his neck left and right and moved his feet.

“Eh?!”

There wasn't even a moment for Katy to stop him.

The beggar young man passed Abel of completely tense expression and stood in front of the Marquis Page House's knights and cavalry.

“Wh, what are you doing you! Hurry and move back!”

Abel shouted with a shocked expression.

However, the beggar young man merely smiled cheerfully and showed no sign of moving back.

No, instead, he pointed at the Marquis Page House's knights and cavalry with the shabby spear he held.

A somehow lax looking stance.

“Ah.....”

Abel unknowingly let out a quiet groan.

‘A young man with a bright future in front him is going just like

this.....’

He felt a guilty feeling on his own accord.

“This guy is insane.”

“Is he saying he’s going to face us alone?”

“Kukuku. Does he think he’s Count Lancephil or something? Kukuku.”

Marquis Page House’s knights and cavalry loudly sneered and shook their heads.

Pulling up their spirits even more, they quickly kicked off the ground.

‘We’ll get scolded by the lady if we take any longer.’

‘Let’s quickly kill these guys and drink heartil.....’

However, their thoughts couldn’t continue any further.

Because the beggar young man posing the lax stance cheerfully smiled and shook his spear.

Sss.

A single strand of gentle air blew.

“Eh?”

“Un?”

Marquis Page House’s knights and cavalry who were fiercely charging flinched at the wind that rode their skin and flowed.

At the same time, their entire bodies stiffly froze like stone statues.

‘Where did he go?’

The eyes greatly shook from side to side.

The beggar young man’s shabby spear that was leveled at them, its spearhead to be exact, wasn’t visible.

‘Even though he’s still doing a stance?’

Furthermore, the spear handle was definitely held in the beggar young man’s hand.

Only the spearhead disappeared and wasn’t seen.

Then suddenly.

“Kuhuk!”

“Kuk!”

“Huhuk!”

Their sights rapidly shrank and their breathes suffocated.

The entire world was colored black.

A simply incomprehensible situation.

Then suddenly, the shabby spearhead appeared again inside their hazy sights.

‘Just where did it.....’

The thoughts couldn’t continue any further.

Kukung.

With a dull sound, more than tens of Marquis Page House’s knights and cavalry all slantly fell down.

Like one, there were large holes pierced on all of their necks and chests.

Not only that, even long wounds drawn along the foreheads and chins were carved.

“.....”

A heavy silence fell down.

There was no one who dared open his or her mouth.

“Gulp.”

Abel and the knights dryly gulped with dazed expressions.

Then.

“Huu.”

The beggar young man spat out a long sigh and took back his spear.

Tilting his neck side to side again, he formed a faint smile.

Only then did Rodite came to herself a moment late.

“Who, who are you?”

The sharp voice shattered the silence.

The tips of the beggar young man’s mouth gently went up.

“Me? Even though you said you weren’t interested just before?”

An innocent expression and voice.

Rodite couldn’t restrain herself and shouted.

“A, are you trying to play with me right now! I said who are you! You creep! Who are you!”

Sound of screaming while even pulling one’s veins.

It was a really violent reaction.

The beggar young man snickered out a laugh and brought his left hand to his chest.

“I’ll teach you if you are so curious. Listen closely.”

A quiet yet powerful voice rode the wind and flowed.

“I am the best spearman of the continent.....”

The smile hanging on the young man’s mouth became thicker.

“Pierce.”

Chapter 206: Amaranth (6)

“B, best spearman of the continent?”

“Best of the continent?”

Rodite Page and Marquis Abrie Page as well as Princess Katy Rinse and Abel Raimos all made bizarre expressions.

Best spearman of the continent.

Because they hadn't expected that they would possibly hear such an absurd and egoistic title in such a serious situation.

The beggar young man, no, Pierce, who finally finished years of intense training and climbed down from the mountains, made an awkward smile.

“Ah..... what I'm trying to say is that I might not be the best spearman in the continent right now but that I will definitely become the best spearman of the continent someday.”

Because he had just now shown up on the outside world, he still didn't know to what extent of a level his skills were.

“I thought you were a creepy beggar, but I see you are a lunatic. To say you'll become the continent's best.”

Rodite sneeringly smiled and threw a venomous remark.

She was forgetting even what kind of situation she herself was in right now.

It was ridiculous to that degree.

On the other hand, Pierce was greatly calm and bold.

“I'm not insane. I have to surely become the best spearman on the continent. Because I promised to definitely be so.”

“A promise? Just who are you saying you made such absurd promise with?”

Rodite was still full of a sneering look.

‘Yeah. Who is it? That idiotic brat.’

‘Let’s hear just who that lunatic is.’

Before they noticed, the nearby people were all leaning their ears towards Pierce’s story.

Pierce answered in a calm voice.

“High up sirs and ladies won’t know him very well, but there is a very excellent adjutant named Roan in Rose Troop of Rinse Kingdom Eastern Regional Corp.....”

He couldn’t continue his words to the end.

It wasn’t because someone cut off his words.

It was because the surrounding people’s mood seemed unusual.

Katy and Abel, Rodite and Abrie were of course and every one of the knights and soldiers were widely opening their eyes with surprised expressions.

‘What the?’

When Pierce was tilting his head with puzzled expression.

“I, if it’s Roan of Rose Troop, doesn’t that mean Sir Count Roan Lancephil?”

Abel stuttered his words and asked.

“You’re close with Count Lancephil?!”

Rodite was stupefied.

Heated gazes poured down towards Pierce.

‘Count..... Roan Lancephil?’

Pierce unconsciously swallowed dryly.

His heart raced and his face brightly blushed.

Because he was training at a place deep inside the Grain Mountains, he knew not a single bit of news on how the world was going around.

But even during that while, he thought that, if it was Roan, he would be living well without much trouble.

No, if it was Roan's level of abilities, he thought that he would at least become a legion commander ranked warrior.

A firm belief.

Because so, Pierce too did not laze around and repeated training after training.

He strived and strived again to become a spearman befitting Roan.

But.

'Not even a legion commander or baron or a viscount, but count?'

The tips of Pierce's mouth slightly went up.

He didn't even hold nor consider doubts like Roan Lancephil that Rodite and Abel spoke of might not be Roan he know of.

'Since it's something plentifully possible if it's sir adjutant, no Sir Count.'

Pierce effortfully calmed his thumping heart and exhaled a long breath.

'He did it.'

He felt proud, satisfied, and awed.

'I'm still lacking.'

Pierce was on his way from climbing down from the mountains after being satisfied with his own results.

But had he truly have become a spearman that befit Roan who had become a count of the kingdom?

'No.'

He shook his head.

Pierce thought of himself as about adjutant rank of a legion commander.

An excessively honest and humble judgment.

On the other hand, he knew simply much too little of the worldly affairs.

‘But even so, I can’t go into training in the mountains again.’

No, there was a limit to mountain training beyond this.

Now was the time to train his spearmanship against people as opponents.

‘I can only hone my skills while aiding him at the side.’

His heart became urgent.

He immediately wanted to run over and roamed the battlefields as Roan’s general.

At the urgent heart, his steps abruptly moved.

Already, the nearby people didn’t even enter his sight.

“Un?”

“Eh?”

The people looked at Pierce with surprised expressions.

Especially Rodite screamed with dumbfound expression.

“Where do you think you’re going! You dare kill our knights and soldiers and.....”

However, her words could not keep continuing on.

Because Pierce who had been busily moving his step had lightly swung the spear he held.

The spearhead cut through the air and directly hit the empty ground.

Boooom!

With an incredible sound of explosions, rocks burst up in every direction.

Simultaneously, the ground that the spearhead hit cleanly caved in and the nearby ground greatly twisted and cracked.

Zzzzzckk!

Explosive sounds consecutively rang out.

“Huhuk!”

“Hph!”

Rodite, Abrie, and the knights and soldiers who followed him all widely opened their mouths with aghast expressions.

An incredible and never before seen nor heard of sight.

‘To think he could swing a spear once and shatter the earth.....’

It was a fearsome might.

‘H, he might actually be the best spearman on the continent.’

Everyone shook their heads in awe with half dazed expressions.

But Pierce, who had actually done the incredible, was greatly composed.

With a nonchalant expression, he pulled out the spear deeply embedded in the ground.

Hduddk.

The shocks crumbled down like dust.

Pierce looked at Rodite and formed a faint smile.

“Why? You going to try and stop me?”

A lightly thrown question.

Only then did Rodite come to herself.

‘He’s an expert who cut down more than tens of knights and soldiers in one stroke.’

She realized the reality that she momentarily forgot from the absurd statement that said best in the continent or whatever.

Pierce was a spearman she couldn't do anything about.

Furthermore, the number of remaining knights and soldiers were at a level barely passing ten.

'I, I have to send him away. It'll be difficult if he gets involved any more than this.'

Rodite awkwardly smiled and shook her head.

"N, no....."

Unconsciously, she stuttered her words.

Pierce quietly stared at Rodite, then widely smiled and then soon moved his steps.

'I should hurry.'

He wanted to meet Roan even a moment faster.

At that moment.

"He, hey!"

A sound that once again held back Pierce's ankle.

But the owner of the voice this time wasn't Rodite but Katy.

Twiddling her fingers, she couldn't easily continue her words.

"Princess?"

Pierce, as if 'asking what is it', tilted his head to a side.

Only then did Katy hesitantly and carefully added on her words.

"Take us with you."

"Us?"

Pierce stood still and looked at Katy.

Behind her, Abel and the knights of defeated looks were seen.

When Pierce couldn't easily answer, Abel stepped forwards.

“We’re fine, so please escort at least the princess with you.”

A polite and desperate deference.

“Abel!”

Kay shouted with a shocked expression.

Seemingly saying she can’t ever leave alone, she shook her head with a resolute expression.

Pierce was still quietly standing and staring at Katy.

‘She said she was Princess Katy Rinse.’

It was strange.

Even though it was the first time they were seeing each other, she looked quite familiar.

No, it felt like that.

Especially.

‘Those eyes.....’

The instant he stared at her faultless and clear eyes, it felt as if his heart was tightly clenched.

“Huu.”

Pierce let out a long sigh.

An uncomfortable feeling if he were to just leave.

The deliberation wasn’t long.

“Alright. Let’s go together.”

“Ah.....”

Katy unknowingly let out a quiet exclamation.

An odd feeling filled up to her throat.

It wasn’t a mere feeling of relief at having now survived.

She absent-mindedly stared at faintly smiling Pierce.

‘This is like.....’

Her large eyes sharply shook.

‘The feeling of having found again a precious thing that I once lost.’

She didn’t know why she felt a such feeling.

Pierce and Katy.

The two people’s gazes gently entwined.

A second life.

Like that, the fated meeting that even they themselves didn’t know of started.

Dududududu.

The sound of horse hooves noisily rang.

Thousands of cavalry and tens of giant carriages cut across a plain and raced.

Tens of highly soaring flags fluttered in a rough wind.

< Lancephil Fief Regiment. >

< Tale Legion. >

< Lancephil Legion. >

< Amaranth Troop. >

And big and small troop flags that followed.

Countless flags showed off their dignities.

The man leading the giant legion at the vanguard was Roan Lancephil.

Two days ago, he immediately gave an order to march, no, an order to charge the moment he heard Viscount Tio Ruin’s story.

The Lancephil Fief Regiment’s main army, numbering over

twenty thousand, immediately cleaned up their camp and prepared to charge.

A large-scale transfer began with the cavalry and the magic carriages at the lead.

The destination was the capital, Miller.

An odd nervousness flowed through the entire legion.

“Are we truly attacking the capital just like this, my lord?”

Austin, who was running at Roan’s side, asked in a cautious manner.

The commanders of ranks thousand-man and above who were running along them all leaned their ears.

Roan looked at the Miller Castle that prominently stood at the end of the plain and nodded his head.

Baron Bernard Landingham, the vice-commander of the Lancephil Legion and a five-thousand-man commander, exhaled with a worried expression.

“We are attacking not anywhere else but the capital, my lord. The backlash of many nobles will be severe.”

As a matter of fact, Roan already prided a mighty force alone.

Many nobles envied and resented Roan, who was of commoner background, standing at the summit of power.

Although they might praise him as savior or hero right now, they would find fault in him attacked the capital, Miller, after Simon fall from power.

The crime of invading the sacred ground that no one dare attacked.

The nobles would work together and try to collapse Roan’s faction.

Other commanders all nodded their heads.

The nobles were a lot that would do more than that.

They were shameless lot who would demand one's parcel if one pull them out of drowning water.

Roan, who was quietly spurring and running his warhorse, answered in a calm expression and voice.

"I do not care of nobles' backlash. Also the same of the royalty. The thing I concern about is but one....."

The value and goal that he clearly revealed since the moment he first entered the throne succession war.

"Only the kingdom's citizens."

The heavy words pierced into the commanders' hearts.

The reason Roan entered this foul and hideous war wasn't power, honor, status, wealth or such things.

The time he wanted those things had already ended a long before.

Now, Roan was sincerely dreaming of a new world.

'A nation where not only the royalty and nobles but everyone can live happily in.'

A gentle pressure poured out from his entire body.

Gulp.

The commanders including Austin all dryly swallowed and lowered their heads.

'If it's him, I can trust and follow to the end.'

Everyone's thoughts coincided as one.

Roan, feeling the gazes that poured down, deeply breathed in.

In no time, the capital, Miller, was in front of their noses.

'If it is same as the last life, Simon will probably be already not in the Miller Castle.'

Instead, the one who was protecting the castle would be Viscount Delph Blick, who protected Simon's side to the end.

'In the last life after Kallum climbed onto the throne and when he visited his maternal grandfather Liss Kowan's fief.....'

Simon rampaged.

Simon who rampaged killed Duke Bradley Webster, turned the capital, Miller, into a complete ruin, and then moved his main base to the fortress of nature's blessing, the Longport Castle, located on the foot of the kingdom's western Grain Mountains afterwards.

'There, he raised that horrible and hideous legion of dark.'

Roan creased his forehead.

Those horrible memories of last life and that season fully filled his head.

'Although Kallum heard the news of Simon's revolt and hurriedly returned to the capital, Miller.....'

He couldn't win with the fearless general Viscount Delph Blick as his opponent.

'In the end, Kallum raised a temporary capital in the Liss Kowan Duchy.'

The often-told story of Mad Monarch's Rebellion began like that.

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

'It was after four months has passed since the rebellion began that Kallum reclaimed the capital, Miller.'

At the time, the ones who attacked and captured the Miller Castle were Spear God Pierce called to be of the best spearmanship talent in history and the Genius Strategist of the Century Ian Phillips.

'The strategy Ian set up at the time.'

Roan planned to use that strategy with Delph as the opponent.

But.

‘That was a strategy possible because Pierce was there.’

Roan tightly clenched his fist.

‘I.....’

A spark blossomed in his eyes.

‘Will do Pierce’s role.’

Whether he could or could not succeed wasn’t important.

‘I must succeed.’

If he were to fail.

‘The capital, Miller, will become a hell.’

The blood within his veins rapidly spun.

Roan, glaring at the highly soaring castle walls of Miller, raised his right hand up high.

“Form!”

A sonorous voice.

Soon, thousand-man rank and above commanders widely spread to the sides and shouted aloud.

“Form the formation!”

“Form the formation!”

The standard-bearers restlessly waved the flags.

Through hand signals and flags, the order was rapidly passed.

“Center Amaranth Troop and Vende Troop! Left wing Tale Legion! Right wing Lancephil Legion!”

A command fell once again.

The commanders’ repetition continued.

“Left wing Tale! Right wing Lancephil!”

“Tale is left wing!”

“Lancephil to right wing!”

Thousands of soldiers moved in perfect order as if they were a single body.

In an instant, an army of twenty thousand and more faced the capital, Miller, and formed a perfect formation.

There was no reaction from the capital, Miller.

Only the flags scribed with the names of Rinse Kingdom, Simon Rinse, Delph Blick, and numerous troop flags were fluttering in the wind.

A situation where tens of thousands and tens of thousands are facing each other.

Even so, a weirdly heavy and horrendous silence hanged.

Roan quietly stood and glared at the Miller Castle.

“Would it truly be alright, my lord?”

“I think it may be better to find another way even now, sir.”

Austin and numerous commanders approached and lowered their heads with grave expressions.

Roan formed a faint smile and shook his head.

His gaze was still headed towards the Miller Castle.

“All of you, do not worry.”

A quiet yet powerful voice.

Either way, this work was something someone other than Roan couldn't do.

Roan very slowly moved his steps.

Roan, who was standing in front of the center army, soon disappeared between the soldiers.

The commanders including Austin, without being able to thoughtlessly step forwards, merely watched Roan's back.

But they couldn't indefinitely and blankly stand there.

Their role too was just as important as Roan's role.

Austin, as he ruminated the strategy Roan had passed, raised his hand up high.

"All forces ready for battle!"

A resounding voice rang throughout the battlefield.

Chang!

From everywhere, metallic sounds were noisily heard.

Austin looked at the endlessly stretching castle wall and clenched his teeth.

'We must make them preoccupied.'

He tightly clenched his fist.

His left hand pointed at the sky, then soon fell towards the Miller Castle.

And as if they had been waiting.

Vvuuuuuu!

The sound of horns shook apart the battlefield.

"Charge!"

"Charge!"

"We will capture the castle in an instant!"

Twenty thousand strong army, with the commanders' orders, raced towards the capital, Miller.

Dududududu!

The ground shook and dust cloud thickly rose up.

Furthermore, the directions of the soldiers' charge were also very dizzying.

Literally a chaotic charge.

Within that chaotic charge, there was one who alone moved nimbly.

‘It’s over if I’m discovered.’

The one who rapidly raced the ground as if sweeping the ground was Roan.

He was running not the south gate that the three forces, center, left wing, and right wing, were attacking, but towards the west gate where the topography was particularly rugged.

‘If Pierce succeeded.....’

Roan tightly clenched his fist.

‘I too will succeed.’

A crimson flower blossomed deep within his eyes.

Chapter 207: Amaranth (7)

Ian Phillips and Pierce's Conquest of the Capital, Miller.

The Conquest of the Capital, Miller, was the first battle that the two people fought in together.

After this battle, Ian and Pierce grew to be the two pillars that supported the kingdom.

'At that time, I was.....'

At the time, he was singled out by the Eastern Regional Corps Supreme Commander Viscount Benjamin Doyle and was rolling on the battlefields.

At least, the one good thing was that Benjamin had participated in the Conquest of the Capital, Miller, in order to enter the sight of Kallum, who at the time was a king.

Thanks to that, Roan was also able to participate in the conquest as a rank and file spearman.

Paat!

Tightly pressing himself onto the bottom of the castle wall, Roan fleetly dashed.

Together with a sound of wind, his appearance turned faint.

An incredibly fast speed.

Far away, the Miller Castle's west gate was seen.

'Viscount Delph Blick guarding the capital, Miller, is an outstanding warrior.'

In the last life too, they couldn't conquer the capital, Miller, through ordinary means.

Meanwhile, Simon expanded his power with the Longfort Castle in the center.

To Kallum, a frustrating and sad situation.

At that time, Ian Phillips, the genius who had devoured all of the numerous libraries and hidden personal books of not only the Miller Castle but also the palace, came to find him.

He revealed that there was one secret hidden in the royal family's crest and the national seal.

The truth that even Ian had learnt of through hidden books.

That the location of the secret path that one could furtively enter and exit the capital's Miller Castle was hidden in the royal family's crest, and that the national seal was a type of a key to safely pass through that secret path.

A truth that even Kallum, who had just climbed onto the throne, didn't know of.

'But it wasn't as if some outstanding solution appeared even when they realized that truth.'

Because only one person could pass through the secret path.

At the time, Kallum and the nobles who followed Kallum verbally attacked Ian saying what did it matter if only one person could enter the capital Miller, through the secret path.

At that moment, the person Ian confidently recommended was in fact Pierce.

'He said that if it was Pierce, he would be able to enter the castle alone through the secret path, annihilate the enemies, and open the gate.'

Ian was certain.

No, only Ian was certain.

Kallum and numerous nobles shook their heads saying it was something absolutely impossible.

However, there was no other alternative either way, and even if the plan went wrong, the only thing lost was merely a life of a single man Pierce.

At the time, Pierce was no more than an adjutant of a legion from commoner background.

A judgment that the loss received when failed wasn't big.

In the end, Kallum decided to follow Ian's decision.

Ian immediately taught Pierce the entrance to the secret path and asked the difficult mission of him, and Pierce gladly accepted and then went alone towards the capital, Miller's, western wall.

Meanwhile, Ian used big and small troops and pulled Delph and the elite legion Patore that he led.

'Ian perfectly seized Delph's attention using only small number of troops, and Pierce entered into the castle through the secret path in the meantime.'

Of course, he, like Ian's trust, annihilated the enemy army and opened the tightly closed gate afterwards.

A simple looking at a glance but an incredibly dangerous strategy in fact.

It might perhaps had been a strategy only possible because they were Ian and Pierce.

Furthermore,

'Pierce had the national seal.'

Thanks to that, he was able to pass through the secret path without any trouble besides the last so-called "trap".

But.

'I don't have the national seal.'

Roan clenched his teeth.

Due to that, he could only pierce through the traps inside the secret path with brute force.

A situation much worse than what Pierce experienced in the last life.

But even so, Roan showed no sign of hesitating or being afraid.

No, he couldn't hesitate or be afraid.

'The longer and longer the time is delayed, more innocent people will lose their lives.'

Although he wouldn't be able to save everyone, he wanted to save as many people as possible.

Taat!

Roan pulled up his mana and kicked off the ground even harder.

When he analyzed the castle wall with the Kalian's Tears, a very minute gap was seen below the neatly stretching castle wall.

It was a very small gap that no one could possibly discover if one wasn't Roan.

'The location is same as the one written in the report.'

One of the reasons that Roan had to personally execute this mission.

Because Roan had read the report Pierce had written about the secret path in the last life.

At the time, he didn't quite expect that struggling so much to succeed somehow would become such a big help.

Estimating the presence of the soldiers guarding the west gate, Roan darted towards the secret path's entrance.

When he rapidly pressed the castle wall's bricks as he read in the report, a brief vibration was soon felt below his feet.

Simultaneously.

Grrrrng.

A part of the firmly stacked castle wall suddenly pushed out in front of his eyes, then parted very slightly to the sides.

Finally, the secret path to enter the capital, Miller, showed itself.

The entrance was very cramped to a degree that Roan had to twist his body to enter.

Gulp.

A dry spit went over.

Although the inside of the entrance was dark as ink, there was no problem judging his front thanks to the Kalian's Tears.

'Let's go.'

Roan, clenching his teeth, moved his steps into the entrance.

Grrrrng.

Simultaneously, the castle walls occluded again and returned to its original appearance.

The castle wall, as if there was no notable event, stood its place high and firmly as ever.

"Is that true?"

"Yes sir. The passing merchants are definitely telling the same stories."

A young knight with a defeated look passed the rumor he just heard and nodded his head.

The commander of Princess Katy Rinse's guardian knights Abel Raimos creased his forehead.

"Sir Duke Bradley Webster and his inner circle nobles conspired and started a revolt?"

His voice slowly became louder.

"Yes sir. But they say that his majesty the king realized this fact of treason beforehand and has arrested and executed all related personnel."

The knight once more reported the same story.

“Hmm.”

Abel leaked a quiet groan and shook his head.

An unexpected trouble in the capital, Miller.

The inside of his head turned chaotic.

‘Treason? That was true?’

Treason wasn’t something that happened easily.

Furthermore, for Simon’s maternal grandfather Duke Bradley Webster to start a revolt.

It was a story rather hard to believe.

But also on one hand, a feeling like a corner of his heart being liberated was also felt.

A feeling of one question that disturbed his thoughts until now being dissolved.

‘Then perhaps Marquis Page House aiming for Princess Katy is also.....?’

The possibility of it being a part of maneuvers for treason was high.

Abel tightly clenched his fist.

‘If the rumor is true, we must be much more careful until we arrive at the capital, Miller.’

A situation where they didn’t know which noble betrayed Simon.

If they rashly entrust themselves, they could instead become a hostage as well.

His contemplation became deeper.

Then.

“What is it?”

Katy, who had been taking a rest on an empty field, slowly walked up.

She too was of a troubled look due to the long and arduous journey, but her sharp features and clear, pure, and deep eyes were still beautiful.

“Ah, that is.....”

Abel couldn't easily answer and hesitated.

He was worried that Katy may receive a big shock.

At that moment, a bush nearby greatly shook and Pierce showed up.

He, hugging an armful of big and small wood to use for firewood, cheerfully smiled.

“Please tell her truthfully. Princess is much stronger person than you think.”

Pierce, who unintentionally heard the contents of the conversation while gathering firewood, winked his eye.

Quite a playful look.

It was a look that one simply couldn't find in the old Pierce.

Although he himself, and no one else hadn't realized it, this was purely due to having received Viscount Reil Baker's influence.

Speaking of which, where had Reil Baker, who was called the kingdom's best spearman before Pierce, gone?

That too was something one had to keep continuing to watch to know.

“Hmm.”

Abel slightly creased his forehead and coughed.

Pierce, still with a daring expression, shrugged his shoulders.

An odd silence flowed.

“Abel.”

The one who spoke up first was Katy.

She, while standing still and crossing her arms, looked at Abel.

Meaning to tell her everything he knew without hiding any.

‘Huu.’

Abel exhaled a short sigh and opened his mouth with a helpless look.

“It’s an information the knights who went out to scout. Currently in the capital, Miller,

For a while, he passed the difficult-to-believe story that happened between Simon and Bradley in detail.

Of course, he couldn’t have known that it was a meticulously fabricated information.

Katy, who heard all of Abel’s story, clenched her teeth with a solidly stiffen expression.

However, she didn’t gripe nor shout and fuss about.

Katy, like Pierce’s words, was a stronger woman than he had thought.

She, after organizing the complicated thoughts inside her head, looked at Abel.

“His majesty the king, no, my brother is safe, yes?”

“Yes your highness. He is safe at least according to the rumors.”

Abel nodded his head.

Katy, with a short sigh, turned her head.

Her gaze went towards Pierce.

“You plan to go to the capital, Miller, yes?”

An abruptly questioning words.

Pierce faintly smiled and nodded his head.

“Of course. From what I heard, they say Sir Count Lancephil is also near the capital, Miller.”

That too was a rumor the knights brought.

Then there was no need to unnecessarily go to the Northeast's Lancephil Fief.

“Thank you.”

Katy slightly lowered her head.

Abel and the knights, who were nearby, formed shocked expressions.

‘To think Princess would lower her head!’

Speaking courteously to an ordinary commoner too was surprising, but the sight just now was even shocking.

It was simply too different than Katy's appearance that they knew of.

Pierce, putting down the firewood he held onto the field, stretched his body.

“The capital, Miller..... it was a place I wanted to go at least once, so it's fortunate.”

“It's a very beautiful place.”

Katy spoke in a gentle voice.

Pierce nodded his head.

“It would be good if it's still like that.”

At those words, Katy's expression turned slightly dark.

The two people, for a while, wordlessly stared at each other.

Pierce and Katy's eyes were saying the same words.

‘Please be safe.’

Of course, their objects were different from each other.

And their results too were different.

Unfortunately, the capital, Miller, was no longer a beautiful place

like the two people's hope.

Ssweaaaaak!

An incredible sound of splitting the air.

It was a sound that absolutely wasn't of an ordinary arrow splitting the air.

"Hmph!"

Roan clenched his teeth and quickly twisted his body.

Through the Kalian's Tears, tens of sets of sharp spears flying towards him were clearly seen.

Paat! Paat! Paat!

Roan was restlessly and precariously, but perfectly dodging the spears flying towards him.

For the ones that he simply didn't have the room to dodge, he powerfully struck away with a shortly held Travias spear.

Kkang! Kkakang!

Sparks jumped together with metallic sounds.

Taat!

Roan gently dodge the last spear, then quickly kicked off the ground.

Stepping on the boulders that jaggedly extended out on the inside of a wall, he quickly entered into the inside of a passage.

"Huu."

Roan, who gently landed, let out a short sigh.

When he turned back, more than tens of sets of large spears were horridly planted not only on the side walls but also on the ceiling and the floor.

They were all those that Roan had dodged or parried until now.

“Is it already the tenth trap.....”

Roan bitterly smiled and shook his head.

The secret path was full of all sorts of traps.

Traps that he could've had all safely passed through if he only had the national seal.

The good thing at the very least was that Roan had the Kalian's Tears and Brent's Ring.

Majority of the traps were completely surprise-attack types and he could easily notice such sudden attacks with Kalian's Tears.

Thanks to that, Roan was able to rather leisurely cope and react.

Here, he used the exploration spell inside the Brent's Ring and was able to overcome numerous dangerous situations.

Of course, the two types of mana techniques and Reid Art of Fighting, tens, hundreds of spearmanship techniques, the water spirit king candidate Kinis, and the newly learned hexes became great helps before them.

While experiencing countless wars, battles, and veiled strife during the past years, Roan had unknowingly become a significantly multi-talented person.

‘Since I passed through ten sets of traps.....’

Roan fumbled through the memories inside his head.

The memories of the past that became clear after the hexers' mind attack fully spread open.

“Hhm.”

Roan's face solidly stiffened up.

“So it is finally those guys' turn.”

Pierce's report that he read in the last life.

The part that took up the most space inside it.

It was the turn for those guys, the so-called “trap” located at the end of the secret path, to appear.

‘Steel Guardians.....’

The three people, no, three sets of Guardians.

They, as ones whose entire bodies were made of steel, were the guardians of the secret path.

Unlike the other traps, they only reacted to the bloodline of the Rinse Kingdom.

Thanks to that, Pierce too had to face the Steel Guardians in order to pass through the secret path.

‘It said that even that Pierce had a significantly difficult fight in order to defeat them.’

Of course, Pierce at that time wasn’t an incredible spearman enough to be called the Spear God.

But even so, he already had the best skill in the kingdom that exceeded Viscount Reil Baker.

‘Since it’s said that Pierce struggled.....’

They weren’t opponents to underestimate.

Roan moved his steps as he deeply breathed in.

When he walked through the tight passage for quite a while, a solid metal gate appeared.

He pulled up his mana and tried to grasp the presence inside, but nothing was felt.

But.

‘Frightening.’

After he accumulated the divine power in order to learn hexes, his so-called instinct greatly developed.

Roan could feel the Guardians located inside the metal gate.

‘There’s no time to hesitate.’

Clenching his teeth, he grasped the metal gate’s handle.

There wasn’t the time to delay even a moment.

Although the Lancephil Fief Regiment including Austin had seized Delph’s gaze, he couldn’t know when the deception would be revealed.

Before that, he had to pass through the secret path and enter inside the capital.

Clunk! Grrrng.

When he pulled the handle, the metal gate gently opened up.

Instantly, a wide secret chamber appeared inside thick darkness.

Of course, Roan was able to see the inside of the secret chamber brightly like a day thanks to the Kalian’s Tears.

“This.....”

Roan stepped into the secret chamber as he bitterly smiled.

“Is much scarier than I thought.”

An empty laughter flowed out.

On the left and right side and the front of the secret chamber, giant metal statues were standing.

The front was a knight holding a longsword.

The left side was a spearman holding a spear.

The right side was an axeman holding an axe.

The statues of the metal statues were about twice the size of Roan.

Three sets of giant metal statues.

They were the very guardians who protected the secret path.

‘I hope they would stay still and not move a bit like now, but.’

Roan faintly smiled and shook his head.

‘There’s no way.’

He instinctively grasped the Traviass Spear powerfully.

At that instant.

Flash!

Blue lights flashed from the eyes of the Guardians standing on the three sides.

That almost brought to mind the hellfire of hell.

The tips of Roan’s mouth slightly went up.

The mana inside his body twitched and flowed into the Traviass Spear.

Grrrr.

Simultaneously, the Guardians’ bodies sharply trembled.

Zzzzzckk!

With explosive sounds, their giant feet separated from the ground.

Boom!

With a heavy sound, the Guardians that were pressed to the walls were separated out a step forward.

Ggk.

The Knight Guardian in the front pointed at Roan with a giant steel sword.

“E.Lim.I.Nate.The.In.Trud.Er.”

A monstrous voice as if scratching a steel.

Roan deeply breathed in and pointed at the Knight Guardian with the Traviass Spear.

“Noisy. And Let’s begin soon if you all woke up.”

Fwoosh!

Flame soared along the Traviass Spear.

“I’m a bit busy, you see.”

Casually and lightly thrown words.

Simultaneously, Roan kicked off the ground.

Paat!

The image of his body flowed towards the Knight Guardian protecting the front.

Shwaaak!

The Traviass Spear cut through the air and directly hit the Knight Guardian’s Sword.

Boom!

Flame exploded and directly assaulted the Guardian.

Ggggk!

With a metallic sound, Traviass Spear and the Knight Guardian’s sword engaged and twisted.

‘Kuk! What kind of strength.....’

Roan clenched his teeth and pushed down his spear with all his strength.

But.

“Be.Gone.”

The Knight Guardian swung his arm together with a monstrous voice.

“Kuuk!”

Roan pulled up his mana and tried to hold on, but the Guardian’s strength was much more colossal than he had thought.

In the end, Roan couldn’t hold on and was thrown away into the

back.

Boooooom!

With an explosive sound, he was embedded into the wall.

Hdududdk.

Stones finely broke apart and fell down.

“Cough. Kuuk.”

With a dry cough, Roan wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

A slightly red color was seen.

But there was no injury larger than he expected.

“They definitely are strong.”

The contents of Pierce’s report were exact.

Roan bitterly smiled and twisted his body.

Hduddk.

Stones once again fell down and Roan who was embedded into the wall popped out.

He, turning his neck around once, powerfully grasped the Traviar Spear.

“But It’s not at a level I can’t fight against.”

Furthermore.

“You might not know it, but there is a guy who faced you bastards before me.”

The tips of Roan’s mouth once again slightly went up.

The mana inside his body boiled.

“It might be hard to believe, but that guy taught me.”

Taat!

Roan kicked off the ground and raced again towards the Knight

Guardian.

An incredible pressure explosively burst out.

“Of you bastards’ weaknesses!!!”

The Traviar Spear bent in a curve and split the air.

It was the truth.

Pierce’s Report.

There, the weaknesses of the three Guardians were definitely written in.

Boom!

With an explosive sound, Roan’s spear and the Guardian’s sword collided.

Incredible sparks and flames jumped out in every direction.

Roan pushed down his spear with all his strength and made a bitter smile.

“Of course, although attacking those weaknesses won’t be easy.”

That too was a truth.

Because those weakness were located at absolutely damnable places.

“Uaaaahph!”

The sound of Roan’s shout fully filled the secret chamber’s inside.

Chapter 208: Amaranth (8)

Boooooom!

An explosive sound burst out.

One of the walls broke down and stones fell below it.

“Kuuk.”

A completely grimacing face.

The man buried below the mound of stones was Roan Lancephil.

“Damn it.”

Roan pushed away the stones and stood up.

‘Aggravating.’

Already, being embedded into walls was in tens place.

Crinkling his nose, he glared at the Guardians in front of his eyes.

They were full of small scratches between their heads and bodies without discrimination.

But only just that much was the limit.

‘As expected, trying to conserve mana while facing them is being greedy.’

Roan bitterly smiled and shook his head.

Even while facing the fearsome Guardians in front of his eyes, he wasn’t using all of the mana inside his body.

‘Since it won’t be the end even if I defeat these guys.’

The moment he defeat the Guardians, exit out the secret path, and enter into the capital’s Miller Castle, he had to face hundreds, thousands of soldiers and open the tightly closed gate.

Possibly, it could be even harder and more difficult than facing the Guardians.

[Even so, it doesn't look like it's time to be leisurely, no?]

Kinis, who was flying at the top of the chamber, spoke in a sharp voice.

Roan wordlessly nodded his head.

The next only existed after passing through here.

“Yeah. Let's take care of the work in front of my eyes first.”

Roan deeply breathed in.

The spare mana he had been saving rode his mana road and tore through his entire body.

Fwooooosh!

Once again, flame soared along the Traviass Spear.

However, it was definitely different than the initial fire.

If the initial flame maintained a straight shape along the spearhead, the flame now was of an appearance madly jumping about in every direction like the lush branches of an ancient tree.

This very thing was the true appearance of the Crimson Ghost.

“It will be a bit different from now on.”

Roan glared at the three Guardians surrounding him and kicked off the ground.

Taat!

A speed definitely different than before.

Instantly closing the distance, he jumped into the chests of the Guardians.

“Be.Gone.”

“Die.”

The Guardians, compared to their massive stature, reacted much too quickly and moved nimbly.

Kukung!

Each time they moved, the secret chamber shook and a weighty explosive sound burst out.

Strength and speed, there was no point to criticize at all.

Together with a dust cloud, sword, spear, and axe split the air.

Kwakang! Kang!

With metallic sounds, sparks and flames jumped in every direction.

Although it was the same flow as before, the result was different.

Ggggck!

A minute crack began to form on the Knight Guardian's sword engaged with the Traviass Spear.

Although it had no change in expression due to its entire face being steel, it seemed even the Guardians were flustered.

"Something like steel....."

Roan clenched his teeth and pulled up even more mana.

"I'll melt you all!"

A flame soared together with the shout.

Tung!

With an ear-splitting sound, the Knight Guardian's sword was bounced off.

But as if they had been waiting, the left and right sides' Spearman Guardian and Axeman Guardian each swung their weapons as they swiftly pounced.

Ssssuung!

Sounds of ripping apart the air.

Attacks that fast and fierce.

Roan, with calm eyes, analyzed the paths of their spear and axe and then twisted his body.

Thanks to the Kalian's Tears, the Guardian's attacks were clearly seen.

Spaat!

The spearhead and the axe's blade precariously passed by.

About enough for tips of his hair to be cut off.

In that time, the Knight Guardian too fixed its stance and once again threw a slash.

Although Roan's attacks definitely had become stronger, it wasn't enough to instantly subdue them even so.

'Tch!'

Roan, creasing his brows, kicked off the ground once more.

'As expected, only solution is to attack the weaknesses!'

Guardians were a type of golem.

Unless he destroyed the core existing inside their bodies, they could still move even if their limbs were cut off.

The problem was.

'Just why is that weakness the armpit!'

He could understand it.

Since the core must be meticulously hidden for it to be safe.

'I have to make it raise its arm.'

Roan looked straight at the slash that flew towards him as if to instantly split the crown of his head and twisted his ankle.

His body turned to a side.

Boom!

The Knight Guardian's steel sword directly hit the empty ground.

Roan rapidly swung the Traviar Spear.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

A fierce exchange of attacks and parries continued.

The fight being helplessly pushed back climbed up to an equal level.

‘Kinis! Help me a bit!’

Roan, while dodging the Guardian’s attacks this way and that, urgently called Kinis, who was flying around at the top of the chamber.

[How?]

‘Spray some water!’

A situation where they had to at least do something.

[Got it!]

Kinis approached above the Guardians and extended her arms.

Soon, three giant balls of water flew towards the Guardians’ faces.

A situation where one must close their eyes in shock or step back if human.

But the Guardians, without even a hint of being surprised, continued to corner Roan.

Because they had no eyelids or eyes in the first place, there was no needed to blink.

[It’s not doing anything, no?]

Kinis, seemingly also flustered, awkwardly smiled and shook her head.

‘There must be some.....’

Roan’s thought couldn’t continue long.

Because the Axeman Guardian’s axe flew towards him while he

was busily moving.

‘It’s too late!’

A not so favorable situation to dodge.

Roan immediately crouched down his body and raised the Traviass Spear longly sideways.

Kaaaaang!

With an incredible metallic sound, the blade of the axe chopped at the Traviass Spear.

Boooom!

An incredible din hit the ears.

‘Kuk!’

Roan was directly planted into the ground.

An appearance where he was planted up to his ankles just from a single strike.

It was a level where him keeping his stance was amazing.

‘I can’t get done in like this!’

Roan pulled up his mana and tried to strike the Guardian’s axe away.

However, the Guardian too had no thoughts of stepping back like that.

With as much strength he had, he pressed down on Roan.

Ggggck!

A metallic sound hit the ears.

However, the one being grinded apart the more they inserted strength wasn’t the Traviass Spear, but the axe.

The Traviass Spear said to be made by a dragon with the magic ore Dionium.

Meaning that it wasn't a level to be split apart by a mere steel axe.

“Die.”

The Axeman Guardian, perhaps gotten angry that the things didn't go as he intended, raised his axe up high.

An intent to once again chop down on Roan.

Suddenly.

[Roan!]

Kinis pointed at the openly revealed armpit of the Guardian and shouted.

Clenching his teeth, Roan raised his head.

Suddenly, his eyes flashed and shone with light.

He could see it.

‘It's there!’

According to Pierce's report, the Guardians' cores were in their left armpits.

Roan quickly flowed mana into the Travius Spear and aimed at the Guardian's armpit with the spearhead.

“Die!”

With a shout, the Travius Spear elongated with a fierce speed.

The spearhead surging with flame split the air and powerfully struck the Guardian's armpit.

Chang!

The spearhead and the armpit clashed and a metallic sound echoed.

‘Kuk.’

Even at the numbing feeling on his grip, Roan clenched his teeth and pulled up even more strength.

Gggkk!

The flame burned up more violently.

“Die.”

“You.Bas.Tard.”

The Knight Guardian and the Spearman Guardian, shocked at Roan’s strike, each swung their weapons.

A desperately dangerous situation.

Even so, Roan, without any thought of dodging or blocking, only looked at the Axeman Guardian.

A life-and-death struggle.

[Roan!]

Kinis shouted and shot out a stream of water.

To save Roan, she poured in all the strength she had.

Kkagang!

A single strike with all of herself.

The violent and giant stream of water parried away the Spearman Guardian’s spear.

Ultimately having barely blocked one Guardian’s attack.

However, the Knight Guardian’s slash was still heading towards Roan.

‘Damn it!’

Clenching his teeth, Roan placed the end of the Traviass Spear on his armpit.

Simultaneously, he poured the mana inside his body to the bottom of his feet.

Instantly.

Puuung!

Flames erupted from below his feet and Roan soared into the air.

Ppuuuuuck!

The Traviar Spear propped up on his armpit received the power and directly pierced the Guardian's armpit.

At that moment.

Sswuuung!

With an incredible sound of impact, the Knight Guardian's sword precariously passed cut below Roan's feet and passed.

A truly exactly timed situation.

Everything was an event that happened in an instant.

"Gg.U.U.U.U."

The Axeman Guardian let out an uncomfortable metallic sound and dropped its head.

Simultaneously, the bluish light that flowed around its eyes turned off.

Kkukukung.

The weighty body fell forwards and a deafening bang exploded out.

[Oh yeah!]

Kinis tightly clenched her fist and cheered.

'Alright!'

Roan too inwardly shouted a cheer.

But it wasn't a situation where they could simply be joyful.

"To.Dare.Kill.Our.Com.Rade."

"We.Will.Re.Venge.Him."

The Knight Guardian and the Spearman Guardian, together with ominous roars, cornered Roan.

Kwang! Kwakang! Kwang!

Perhaps because of the compatriot Guardian's death, their attacks became much fiercer.

Roan, without carelessly striking against or blocking, turned his body this way and that and dodged.

Even during that time, he contemplated and contemplated again on how to attack the Guardians' weaknesses.

'Reid Art of Fighting? Pierce Spearmanship? Flepsse Spearmanship?'

However, Roan soon shook his head.

Although the numerous fist techniques and spearmanships were powerful by themselves, it wasn't as if he could attack the Guardians' armpits even so.

'Is there no other.....'

Suddenly, Roan's eyes that were about to sink again in contemplation twinkled and shined.

His gaze paused on a hand holding the spear.

To be exact, on the Brent's Ring on his finger.

'Ah!'

Simultaneously, the one secret skill he had forgotten floated up.

The secret weapon that he absolutely did not use unless it was a perilous and desperately dangerous situation until now.

The tips of Roan's mouth slightly went up.

'Although I can only use it once.....'

Now wasn't a situation that he could save it.

Roan barely dodged the Spearman Guardian's attack and then powerfully kicked its spear.

Tung!

Even though a foot and a mass of iron hit each other, a weighty sound of impact rang out.

Roan, using the rebound, turned his body and jumped back.

A situation where the distance was naturally widened.

Between the Knight Guardian and the Spearman Guardian, the Spearman Guardian, who just now received a strike, pounced a step ahead.

The giant steel spear split the air as if dancing.

“Hmph!”

Roan, with a snort, kicked off the ground and jumped up above the Guardian’s head.

“How.Laugh.A.Ble.”

The Spearman Guardian sneered at Roan’s decision.

Understandably, a warrior throwing his body into the air couldn’t be called quite a good decision.

Because one couldn’t make directional change or balance as one wish, one may possibly become exposed defenselessly to enemy’s attack.

As expected, Spearman Guardian twisted the spear he trusted and hit the ground.

Tung!

With a weighty sound, the steel spear received a rebound and soared into the air.

Instantly, the spearhead extended towards Roan.

If like this, Roan would directly become a skewered state.

“Die.”

The Spearman Guardian’s voice shook the secret chamber.

At that moment.

“Blink.”

Roan’s voice quietly echoed.

Paat!

Instantly, his appearance disappeared as if washed away.

Sswuung!

The Spearman Guardian’s steel spear split an empty space.

“.....”

Although one couldn’t feel any looks from it because its face and body were entirely a mass of steel, it definitely seemed to be flustered.

Paat!

At that instant, Roan, who had disappeared, appeared on the Guardian’s chest.

Blink, it was a spell that moved a short distance in an instant.

“I caught you.”

To stab Roan that had been up in the air, the Spearman Guardian was raising its two arms up high.

Faintly smiling, Roan thrust the Traviass Spear forwards.

The Traviass Spear, which had already shortened to about a forearm length, exactly pierced its fully revealed armpit.

Ssskuk!

Flame penetrated into the inside of its armpit.

“Gg.U.U.U.U.”

The Spearman Guardian, with a bizarre sound like the Axeman Guardian, dropped its head.

The bluish light that circled around its eyes also disappeared.

Kkukung!

The heavy body directly fell forwards.

“You.Bas.Tard.I.Will.Not.Leave.You.A.Live.”

The Knight Guardian that alone survived aimed at Roan with the tip of his sword and roared out an ominous scream.

[Roan. What do we do now?]

Kinis asked with a worried voice.

Although taking down the two Guardians was truly incredible, the remaining one was a problem.

Most of all, he couldn't use the blink again until a day passed from now.

A situation where Kinis would worry.

However, Roan softly smiled and a light shone from his eyes.

“Don't worry.”

Suddenly an expression overflowing with confidence.

Roan grasped the Traviass Spear and formed an odd smile.

“I forgot about it because I wasn't used to it, but I remembered a good method.”

A method especially suited much more to one-against-one instead of one-against-many.

Holding the Traviass Spear with his right hand, Roan twisted his left hand into a weird shape.

[Un? That's?]

Kinis widely opened her eyes and made a shocked expression.

Roan, looking at the giant steel sword flying towards him, nodded his head.

“Yeah. It's hex.”

He lightly turned his body to dodge the slash, then rather than jumping into the Guardian's chest, instead stepped back.

From Roan's mouth, unintelligible words flowed out.

It was a hex spell.

Suddenly.

Paat!

A faint light exuded out from his body.

Simultaneously, Roan kicked off the ground and dashed forwards.

The Guardian, watching Roan dashing towards him, tried to swing his steel sword.

“U.Um.”

But the powerfully moving sword's path, without going very far, abruptly halted still.

Because an unbelievable scene was unfolding before its eyes.

Pabat!

Roan was definitely running straight towards him.

But behind him, another Roan was dashing as he aimed for the Guardian's left side.

An incomprehensible bizarre phenomenon.

At that moment, Kinis, who was flying around the secret chamber, shouted in a sharp voice.

[It's a doppelganger spell!]

Doppelganger spell.

Categorized amongst many hexes as within upper mid class hex, activating it once was all with Roan's current level of divine power and even for the number of doppelgangers, he could only make just one.

‘I'll absolutely end it.’

Roan clenched his teeth.

A situation where the divine power within his body had all emptied out with the current doppelganger spell.

He absolutely had to destroy the Guardian's core with this attack.

“You.Dare.”

Together with an ominous roar, the Guardian once again swung his steel sword.

Because it wasn't a human, it had no deep contemplation about which was real and which was fake.

Its instinct to merely cut down what its eyes saw and then cut the next thing powerfully acted.

Sswuung!

The steel sword cut the air and slashed Roan that was running foremost.

Roan, without a thought to dodge, pounced directly and swung the Traviass spear.

At that instant.

Zzzzzckk!

With a bizarre sound, the shape of Roan that crashed against the steel sword cracked into pieces.

Paat!

Hundreds of pieces of shards spread in every direction.

And behind that.

Shuaaah!

Scattering the shards, the real Roan appeared.

“Die!”

The Traviass Spear split the air.

The whole Roan that appeared behind Roan shattered into hundreds of pieces.

Even while looking with one's eyes, it was an incredible sight.

Sswuung!

The Guardian swung its steel sword once again but Roan was slightly faster.

The Traviar Spear bizarrely moved and pierced into its armpit.

Ggggck!

With a sound of metal scratching, the spearhead's flame violently burned up.

Ssskuk!

Finally, the spearhead penetrated its armpit.

“Kku.U.U.U.U.”

The Guardian, which tried to make a final counterattack, lost all power the moment its core was destroyed and halted.

The bluish light that circled its eyes disappeared and its massive body slowly tilted.

Kkukukung!

With a thunderous din, a dust cloud rose up.

Roan slantly held the Traviar Spear behind his back and stepped back to a side.

Silence.

The fierce battle that continued until just now felt like a lie.

“Huu.”

Roan exhaled a long sigh.

His entire body painfully throbbed.

“Just who made these Guardians?”

A complaint with his true feeling directly shown.

These simply weren't a level that humans could create.

‘Come to think of it, the Rinse Kingdom was.....’

For a mere kingdom, it held numerous incredible secrets and legends.

‘Even the founding king of the kingdom was said to received many presents from a dragon.’

Not only that, Princess Aily too was a half elf and said to have received dragons’ teachings.

Was there a kingdom that received this many presents and protection from dragons?

No, even the continent’s two empires, Estia and Lucia had no particular relation with dragons.

‘It’s weird come to think of it. Is there perhaps some sort of reason?’

Various imaginations unfolded inside his head.

But it wasn’t as if a clear explanation would be revealed just because he thought alone.

Furthermore, now was.

‘Not the time to be like this.’

At least for the soldiers who were intensely fighting outside the castle, he had to open the castle gate as soon as possible.

Suddenly.

Grrrng.

Only after the three guardians had all fallen down did an entire wall began to part to the sides.

‘It’s as Pierce’s report.’

Roan exhaled a short sigh and stared at the slightly parted gap on the wall.

‘Anyhow, to think Pierce subdued, no, destroyed all of these guys

with a single spearmanship even though he wouldn't have even known their weaknesses.'

A fearsome skill.

Pierce newly felt amazing to him.

At the same time, he wanted to see Pierce, who had left his side for years.

'Is he still training?'

A longing feeling.

A desire that he would now return and protect his side appeared.

'He should return on his own when it becomes the time he himself is satisfied.'

And when that time come.

'I will gain the best spearman, no, general of the continent.'

His heart rapidly raced.

Just from thinking of it, he felt satisfied and proud.

'I will have to be a man that befit him too.'

Even when far apart, the things Roan and Pierce thought of were each alike.

The two people's feelings for each other were special.

[Roan. We should hurry.]

"Un? Ah, we should."

Roan, who was falling into various thoughts, got a hold of himself from Kinis's words.

Widely jumping over the Steel Guardians were randomly fallen down, he moved his steps towards the exit.

"Let's not meet again. Be well."

Truly a sickening feeling.

However, Roan did not quite know.

The Steel Guardians inside the secret chamber.

That his relation with them was not yet at an end.

‘Huu.’

Roan busily moved his steps and quickly passed through the narrow path.

There were no more traps.

After who knew how long.

Finally, a dead-end space appeared.

Hospitably, there was a long lever on the left side of the blacked wall.

Roan, without hesitating, pulled the lever.

Suddenly.

Grrrng!

Together with a sound of rocks grinding, the wall that was blocking the front fully opened to the right.

Bright sunlight poured down into the inside of the dark passage.

Roan collected his breath and kicked off the ground.

He planned to avoid Viscount Delph Blick and the enemy soldiers’ eyes and approach towards the south gate.

However, Roan froze like a stone statue immediately the moment he exited out of the secret path.

His eyes widen and an awkward smile floated up on his face.

“Ha.....”

Seemingly having no words, an empty laughter flowed out.

His gaze moved long from left to right as if to glance through.

The sight that filled his view.

Kinis, who exited out of the passage a moment late, muttered in a sharp voice.

[Roan. You're in trouble.]

Roan slowly nodded his head.

Because they absolutely weren't incorrect words.

Chapter 209: Amaranth (9)

“Un?”

“What the?”

“.....?”

Confused expressions and voices.

Awkward smile and eyes complicatedly tangled.

‘Pierce’s report said that the secret path’s exit was connected to the palace’s inner garden, though?’

Roan creased his forehead.

After the hexers’ mind attack, his memories of the last life became clear like yesterday’s.

It wasn’t possible that he had incorrectly remembered the secret path’s exit.

‘Then that mean this place is actually the palace’s inner garden, but.....’

If it was the palace’s inner garden, it was a place most clandestine and difficult to approach even within the palace.

Literally a place that only the royalties and the very few who received the royalties’ permission could enter.

But the sight that spread before his eyes was.

‘A military camp?’

More than hundreds of soldiers, and knights and commander rank soldiers wearing brilliant helmets and armors at that, completely filled his sight.

A story that absolutely wasn’t in Pierce’s report.

‘So it’s not an exactly same future, but a slightly changed future.’

Already, it was a situation where Simon Rinse’s rampage

occurred earlier than the last life.

However the future that unfold from now on change, there would nothing strange about it.

Roan deeply inhaled and grasped the Traviias spear.

Simultaneously.

“Eh?! Count Roan Lancephil?”

One amongst the many knights recognized Roan and shouted.

“Eh?! It’s real!”

“It’s real! It’s the real Count Lancephil!”

Soon, echoing voices were heard from everywhere.

“How did he get in here?”

“You said it. The palace’s inner garden is the commanders and knights’ camp, so.....”

“No one can easily come in, though?”

Puzzled expressions, murmuring sounds.

However, such confusion didn’t go very long.

Sseureng! Sseureng!

The knights and soldiers soon pulled out their swords.

“It’s good anyhow. Doesn’t this battle also end if we only capture Count Lancephil?”

“Right. Let’s catch the traitor!”

“Execute the traitor Roan Lancephil!”

From the position of the knights and soldiers who followed Simon, Rona was a traitor and a conspirator.

Over hundreds of knights and soldiers pounced towards Roan.

A grand sight if one wished to call it.

Of course, it wasn’t quite a happy situation from Roan’s position,

though.

[Will you be alright?]

Kinis flew over his head and asked.

Roan nodded his head.

‘Although the heat is emptied, there is still water energy left.’

A situation where his heat and divine power were emptied from facing the secret path’s Guardians.

However, the water energy he received from the Spirit King’s Tear was still left.

Of course.

‘Although its strength is less than the heat.’

Roan twisted his wrist and pointed at the knights and the soldiers with the spearhead.

Shwaaak!

A stream of water burst up along the spear’s blade.

Flinch.

For an instant, the energetically rushing knights and soldiers faltered.

A split second.

However, Roan didn’t miss that instant.

Taat!

Kicking off the ground, he pierced into the gap between the knights and the soldiers.

‘Kinis!’

[Don’t worry! I’ll cause a bout of chaos!]

Kinis quickly answered and then dizzily waved her hands.

Each time, balls of water shot out and jets of water geysered out

from the ground.

Simultaneously, the Traviass Spear split the air and danced.

Following the spearhead, a sharp jet of water tore through the knights and soldiers.

“Kuk!”

“Kuuk!”

The stream of water pulled up through the water energy wasn’t ordinary water.

By itself, it was like a well-sharpened blade.

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

Although they might be commander ranked, the low rank commanders who didn’t learn mana techniques became Traviass Spear’s prey.

Arms and legs, necks and bodies independently split apart.

“Kuuk! Damn it!”

“What the!”

The situation for the knights or high rank commanders who learned mana techniques too wasn’t so good.

They were greatly bewildered by Roan’s attacks that, unlike ordinary mana, took a form of a jet of water.

Especially as Roan, who was famous as Crimson Ghost, endlessly jet out a blue stream of water, their bewildered looks became even more evident.

On top of this.

[Oi! Die!]

With Kinis, who wasn’t even visible to the eyes, widely flew around the palace’s inner garden and poured down attacks, the knights and soldiers couldn’t easily compose themselves.

‘Good job. Kinis.’

Roan softly smiled towards Kinis, then kicked off the ground once more.

Pabababat!

The Travias Spear spun fast enough to turn invisible.

Chang! Chajang! Chang!

Sparks flew together with the noisy metallic sounds.

“Kuuk!”

“Damn it! Rush him!”

The knights and the high rank commanders clenched their teeth and pressured Roan.

Although Roan was much stronger when looking only at the skill itself, they trusted their numbers.

‘Count Lancephil too is a human!’

‘He will ultimately tire!’

Rather than facing the entire Crimson Legion outside the castle wall, ending the battle by capturing or killing only Roan was much more efficient.

“Execute the traitor!”

“Die!”

The knights and the high rank commanders’ spirits boiled up.

Without a doubt, they befitted the dauntless warrior Viscount Delph Blick’s men.

‘Kuk!’

Even Roan, at the knights and high rank commanders that fiercely swarmed instead despite having shown an overwhelming might, became slightly panicked.

Although the water energy inside his body was the quintessence

amongst the quintessences gained from the Spirit King's Tear, it couldn't reach the Flamdor Mana Technique's heat when looking only at its power and level of training.

Furthermore.

'The fact that the palace's inner garden has become noisy will soon be passed onto the center of command.'

Meaning that there was also the possibility of Patore Legion Delph led charging in.

Sure enough.

"What's going on!"

"Why is it so noisy!"

Through the inner garden's gate, knights and soldiers of brilliant armors poured in.

Just their numbers easily passed two hundred.

'The reaction is faster than I thought.'

Roan clenched his teeth.

'I'm piercing through.'

There was no time to face them one by one.

No, there was no spare strength enough to fight them one by one.

The speed at which the water energy, whose level of training fell short, was being exhausted was faster than the heat.

'For now, I will go to the south gate and open the castle gate.'

Roan slightly bent his knees and lowered his body.

A plan to instantly kicked off the ground and pierce through the enemies.

Suddenly.

"Everyone move aside!"

“Move aside!”

Loud voice burst out from the direction of the inner garden’s gate.

Simultaneously, the knights and soldiers who surrounded and were fiercely attacking Roan scattered to the sides and moved back.

In an instant, the front of Roan’s view widely opened up.

“Hmm.”

A quiet groan leaked out.

‘Ballistas.’

The giant objects that blocked the front of the inner garden’s gate and appeared.

They were ballistas that could shoot spear-sized arrows.

‘It was the weapon Viscount Delph Blick loved to use.

For an instant, an old memory floated up.

Although the ballista had an outstanding destructive capability, it wasn’t easy to use.

Due to that, it wasn’t a widely employed weapon, but only Delph in particular enjoyed using it.

Particularly, he repeated development on top of development so that the ballista, which could only shoot three shots at most simultaneously, could shoot five, seven, and even ten shots at once.

The three sets of ballistas that were aiming at Roan right now, as expected, were the latest developed products capable of simultaneously shooting ten shots.

Furthermore, a situation where even loading was already done.

Before Roan could even quite kick off the ground, horrifying and weighty sounds rang out.

Tuung! Tuung! Tuung!

Thirty shots of spear-sized arrows tore apart the air and flew towards Roan.

A situation too late to throw his body and dodge because the speed was too fast.

‘Damn it!’

Roan clenched his teeth and pulled the Traviass Spear in front of his chest.

‘This isn’t a time to conserve the water energy.’

Shwaaak!

The water energy within his body rode his mana road and flowed in towards the spearhead.

The jet of water, geysering out in a giant crescent shape, poured out an incredible pressure.

Kang! Kagang! Kang!

The jet of water and the arrows collided and deafening booms exploded out.

‘Kuuk!’

Each time he parried away a spear-sized arrow, his palms numbingly throbbed.

But because of the arrows restlessly flying towards him, there wasn’t even a room to take a breath.

Kagang! Kang!

Roan clenched his teeth and swung the Traviass Spear.

Thankfully, he was barely able to block the first ballista attack.

But due to excessive collision, the water energy within his body was exhausted with a rapid speed.

Not only that, an amazing damage was passed to his palms and

wrists, elbows and upper body's muscles and joints including his shoulders.

‘I have to destroy the ballistas.’

He could see the sight of five soldiers of bulky builds crowded on each ballista and pulling the string.

An appearance that pulling the string too wasn't easy as much as it had incredible power.

If he were to destroy the ballistas, now was the chance.

But.

“Die!”

“Tightly surround him so he can't escape!”

The knights and soldiers who momentarily stepped back, and even the ones who newly joined in gathered into one and pounced towards Roan.

It was a greatly effective and appropriate cooperated attack.

[Roan. Would it be alright for me to use the water energy?]

Kinis estimated the amount of mana inside Roan's body and asked with a nervous expression.

Because the mana Roan would use could become absurdly lacking if she were to carelessly take and use the water energy here.

Roan deeply breathed in and shook his head.

Right now, it wasn't a state where he could even share the water energy with Kinis.

‘It will be troubling if even water energy hit the bottom.’

He had to exit out of the palace's inner garden and open the tightly closed south gate.

Until then, he had to conserve the mana in any way.

“Huu.”

Exhaling a short sigh, Roan widely swung his spear.

Chajang! Chang!

With a clear metallic sound, the exchange of attacks unfolded again.

However, the appearance of the battle was different than before.

The knights and soldiers, who seemed to be fiercely attacking, were pressuring Roan while maintaining an appropriate distance.

It was an act to merely buy time.

As expected.

“Move!”

“Move aside!”

The instant an order fell from the ballista’s side, knights and soldiers scattered to the sides.

As if they had been waiting, spear-sized arrows poured down.

“Wa, wait I’m still!”

“Uut!”

“Kuk!”

Few soldiers couldn’t quite dodge and became pieces of shish kabobs on the giant arrows.

Roan, looking at the ballista arrows flying without a gap towards him, pulled up the remaining water energy.

It wasn’t a situation to act leisurely.

Kagang! Kang!

Metallic sounds hit the ears.

Definitely a more arduous feeling than the first time.

If he were to momentarily make a mistake, he could even lose the Traviar Spear from his grasp.

“Outrageous bastard.”

“He really is a ghost.”

“To think he would block those ballistas twice.”

Knights and Soldiers that were watching shook their heads.

The ballista’s arrows that each and every shot was said to have an equal strength to an ogre’s strike.

Roan was parrying more than tens of shots of them.

Not only that but parrying perfectly precisely with the least amount of movement the things that were hard to even follow with the eyes.

He truly was a ghost.

“Die!”

“Rush him again!”

As soon as the ballistas’ attack ended, the knights and soldiers swarmed.

“Kuk!”

“Kuuk!”

“Gguruk.”

As the fights repeated, the corpses of the knights and soldiers were definitely increasing geometrically.

However, it was a hundred-against-one battle in the first place, and ballistas on top of that.

From Roan’s position, because it was a battle that unfolded right after the fight with the three Guardians, he could only feel more and more difficulty as the time passed.

‘Even though I reserved as much as possible.....’

In no time, a situation where the water energy too was showing its bottom.

The combined attack of the ballista and the knights were that effective.

“What the!”

“Count Lancephil is here!”

Furthermore, the enemy number was continuously being added.

‘Huu.’

Roan clenched his teeth.

Once the knights and the soldiers’ attack end, the ballista attack would begin again.

And if it was the current situation.

‘It’s precarious.’

If not careful, the possibility of being hit by a ballista arrow also existed.

Even so, it wasn’t a situation where he could run either.

The thoughts inside his head became complicated.

At that moment.

“Move!”

“Move aside!”

Once again, a loud voice was heard from the ballistas’ direction.

The knights and soldiers scattered to the sides like how a low tide fall back.

Now was the turn for the ballistas’ arrow attack to pour down.

At that very instant.

Paat! Paat!

Above the ballistas, a group deeply wearing robes appeared.

They, rapidly swinging thin and long swords, massacred tens of ballista troopers on the spot.

A perfect and beautiful swordsmanship.

“Gguruk.”

The ballista troopers, without putting up a single proper resistance, fell down.

“Wha, what the?”

At the sudden situation, the knights and the soldiers widely opened their eyes.

They glared at the intruders who were balancing and standing on top of the ballistas and shouted.

“Who, who are you bastards! To dare level your swords at his majesty the king’s soldiers!”

“Are you also traitors!”

“Immediately reveal yourselves and kneel down!”

Roaring shouts continued on.

At those words, the one amongst the robed people who was standing in the center slowly took off her robe.

Suddenly.

“Eh?!”

“What!”

“P, princess?”

The knights and the soldiers made surprised expressions while widely opening their eyes.

On the other hand, a faint smile hanged on Roan’s mouth.

The person he always wanted to see and missed was right in front of his eyes.

“Aily.....”

The one who alone revealed her identity amongst the ones who wore robes was in fact Princess Aily Rinse.

She looked at Roan and softly smiled.

Amongst the knights, few creased their brows and shouted.

“Do you know how much his majesty the king worried because princess disappeared?”

“Many noble sirs have truly worked hard to find princess.”

“But for princess to suddenly appear and attack his majesty’s soldiers!”

“This is a treason, your highness! Treason!”

Aily, before Simon rampaged and right after he opened a coronation ceremony on his own and climbed onto the throne, hid herself.

Simon, who tried to bind Roan using her, sent out people towards hundreds of directions to find Aily, but couldn’t win the result he wished.

He couldn’t find a hint of her anywhere.

Inevitable for such to be so, Aily did not leave the capital, Miller, unlike the thoughts of Simon and the nobles who followed him, and instead hid at a place deep inside the palace.

From the time she was called the Shadow Princess, she had an outstanding talent for hiding herself.

Aily, while planning numerous plans inside the secret room she herself prepared, was watching for the chance to once again appear.

Of course, it wasn’t that she did all of that alone herself.

Swoosh.

The group that stood at Aily’s left and right pulled off the robes they were deeply wearing.

“Ah!”

“Tha, that’s.....”

“No way. How are they.....”

Soon, exclamations burst out from everywhere.

The identity of the ones who appeared together with Aily.

They were the elves who had hidden themselves tens, hundreds of years ago.

While everyone was being surprised, the only composed person was Roan.

He already knew that Aily was a half elf and was someone internally nominated as the elves' queen.

And already before that.

‘She decided to help me.’

It was a situation where Aily and the elves pledged to join strength with Roan.

In fact, Roan received the elves' help and was able to grasp the signs of betrayal Clay was scheming and set up preparations.

“Sir Lancephil. We will take care of here.”

Aily's gentle and beautiful voice flowed into his ears.

Roan slightly nodded his head.

“Thanks. Aily.”

It wasn't a situation to decline a goodwill.

Roan directly kicked off the ground and ran towards the ballistas.

“Where!”

“Where you going!”

The knights and soldiers yelled out a moment late and raced.

Suddenly.

Tuung! Tuung! Tuuung!

With horrifying and weighty sounds, ballista arrows cut through

the air and flew towards them.

“Hph!”

“Ru, run!”

The knights and soldiers who were running at Roan shouted and tried to turn their bodies, but the ballistas’ arrows were much faster than what they thought.

Puuk! Puuuk!

Spear-sized arrows directly skewered tens of knights and soldiers.

The one who gave the firing order for ballistas was none other than Aily.

She was emanating a chilling air that no one saw until now.

The large and beautiful yet killing intent-holding eyes glared at the knights and the soldiers.

“You cannot lay a single finger on Sir Lancephil.”

The sword she grasped on her hand gently cut across the air and pointed at the knights and the soldiers.

“I will deal with you.”

The instant her words ended, Aily kicked off the ballista and jumped into the air.

The group of elves followed her back.

They, with Roan who was running towards the ballistas from the opposite side, crossed as if brushing against each other.

Roan softly smiled and flowed out words as if to whisper.

“Thanks.”

Aily, rather than answering, faintly smiled and lowered her head.

Her long hair gently flowed along a wind.

A pleasant scent spread upon the blood-bitter smelling

battlefield.

Roan, embracing Aily's scent, raced towards the south gate.

Chapter 210: Amaranth (10)

Also, some missing information has been added to ch. 73 to clarify how Roan went from Vice-Troop Commander of the Rose Troop to a Troop Commander of the 2nd Rose Troop during the “Danger Inside the Danger” arc.

It undoubtedly became much different than the initial plan.

Originally, the plan was to furtively infiltrate inside the Capital’s, Miller’s, castle, and then attack the south gate in a blitzkrieg offense.

However, Roan’s plan became completely disjointed as the palace’s inner garden, which was the secret path’s exit, was used as the knight order and the commanders’ camp unlike in the last life.

But even so, it wasn’t as if there was no meaning to having entered through the secret path to the capital, Miller, and to the core of the palace at that.

The Miller Castle, as befitting a capital, had three sets of walls from the outer wall and the inner wall, and the palace wall that surrounded the palace.

From the position of the Lancpehil Fief Regiment that was attacking the outer wall, it had to break through the three castle walls in order to capture the palace.

Roan planned to sequentially open total of three gates from the palace to the south gate of the outer wall.

And right now.

Boom!

With an explosive sound, the hinges that were supporting the thick iron gates were destroyed.

The iron rings that bind the castle gate too were satisfyingly wrecked.

Kwukung.

The massive castle gates, with a weighty sound, fell to the ground.

A complete unbarring.

Freely pulling up the water energy within his body, Roan instantly destroyed the castle wall.

“Wha, what the!”

“Stop him!”

The soldiers guarding the palace wall’s castle gate startled and rushed towards him.

However, they were no match for Roan.

“Move!”

The Traviass Spear splitting the air together with a shout.

A blue jet, following the spearhead, took a sharp pressure and pounced the soldiers.

Ssskuk!

“Kuuk!”

“Kuk!”

Like dry leaves before a wind.

The soldiers blocking the castle gate and running towards him were blown away in every direction.

There was none who was sound.

The places that the jet of water touched were helplessly cut down cleanly.

Roan’s mana, due to the repeatedly continuing battles, was already nearing its bottom.

But even so, he didn’t get pushed back by ordinary soldiers.

To him, there were the outstanding strength and resilience earned through grueling efforts and the Kalian's Tears that could clearly see through every movement of the world.

“The ones who block my path.....”

Roan once again swung the Traviass Spear and kicked off the ground.

“Will die!”

A shout that shake the ground.

“Uhuh!”

“Huhph!”

Few soldiers cowered and scattered to the sides.

A neatly stretching street appeared beyond the castle gate.

Roan didn't miss that short chance.

Tat!

A sight of kicking off the ground and cutting through the air.

“Eh?!”

“Aah!”

The soldiers became surprised and tried to block the divided gap, but it was already too late.

Roan charged through the cleanly pierced palace castle wall's gate and raced towards the south.

After racing for a while, the inner castle wall's gate appeared.

Roan, without a single look of hesitation, charged towards the castle gate.

Boooom!

With an explosive roar, the lock and the hinges supporting the gate were destroyed.

Kwukung.

The giant iron gate slowly fell down.

Roan, stepping on the diagonally falling iron gate, jumped over the sentries' heads.

A high speed advance.

It was a violent and unstoppable charge.

Roan's next goal, having instantly pierced through even the inner castle wall, was the outer castle wall's south gate.

'Now really is the bottom.'

The water energy within his body was at the bottom.

A situation where he couldn't be certain that he could open the south gate even if he reached the gate.

'Hide myself instead and disturb the enemies?'

That too wasn't a bad choice either.

But Roan soon shook his head.

'No. Now isn't the time to delay the time like this.'

Simon Rinse at the Longfort Castle should be tirelessly increasing his forces even at this very moment.

He had executed an infiltration strategy like this even while knowing that it was improbable because of that.

'Damn it! Let's attack head on first!'

Roan clenched his teeth and kicked off the ground.

A wild look that couldn't be seen until now.

Roan always moved under meticulous preparations and plans and definitively won victories.

Due to that, some assessed Roan as a strategic commander or a virtuous commander.

But Roan appearance right now was one of recklessly and forcibly charging in.

It was a situation that desperate.

‘Most of miracle-like growths and results occurred when confronted with a limit. Although they were very rare, of course.’

A highly optimistic thought.

Roan’s image trailed long towards the outer south gate.

But the capital, Miller, as befitting its name, was simply too big.

Especially the distance from the inner wall that was the castle’s center to the outer wall that was the outer sections was much too long.

And at that midsection.

“Stop him!”

“Fire the arrows!”

“Die!”

The Patore Legion’s soldiers who were stationed to calm the citizens and suppress the dissents inside the castle were filed up.

They, at the noise that arose at the capital’s center, instantly reacted.

Violent attacks poured down towards Roan.

Thanks to that, Roan could only use up the one fistful of mana that he had saved for the final strike.

Ssskuk! Sssguk!

“Kuhuk!”

“Kuk!”

The Traviar Spear moved as if to dance.

The blue stream was dyed bloodred.

The stream of water that had soared along the spearhead in a crescent shape was at a level that barely covered just the spearhead.

There was no more remaining strength to Roan.

“Stop him!”

“Beyond here is the south gate!”

“We absolutely cannot get pierced through!”

The Patore Legion’s soldiers too were frantic.

Because they were easily pierced and began to be slowly pushed back, and then had reached the vicinity of the outer wall’s south gate in no time.

Vvuuuuu! Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum!

From inside and outside of the castle wall, the endlessly ringing sounds of horns and drums hit the ears.

Lancephil Fief Regiment versus the Patore Legion.

The south gate was a seething battlefield.

At that moment.

Boom!

With an explosive sound, the soldiers who were making up a defensive line were thrown towards the gate.

The one who appeared between the gate was Roan.

He was overflowing with a tired look.

The cheap armor he lightly wore to pass through the secret path was frayed everywhere.

“What the?”

“What happened?”

The knights and soldiers of the Patore Legion’s main forces looked at Roan who abruptly appeared and creased their brows.

Viscount Delph Blick, who was guarding the ramparts, also turned his head and shone a fierce light from his eyes when below the castle wall became noisy.

“Um? Count Roan Lancephil?”

A surprised look floated up on Delph’s face.

Because the capital’s center was turning noisy, he had wondered if the castle’s citizens and the few nobles who held dissatisfaction towards Simon were raising a disturbance.

‘Was the cause of that disturbance actually Count Roan Lancephil?’

He couldn’t believe it.

The fact that the enemy’s supreme commander who should’ve been outside the south gate was inside the castle too was surprising, and the fact that there wasn’t a single subordinate he brought with him was even more shocking.

‘There must have been a secret path.’

Delph quickly understood the situation and called his adjutant and the commander of the knights, Dex Kerry.

“Lead the Blick Knight order and capture Count Lancephil. If not possible, kill him!”

He didn’t make unreasonable demand of absolutely catching him alive.

“Yes sir! We will carry out the order.”

Dex quickly answered, then went down the castle wall together with thirty members of the Blick Knight Order.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Due to the heavy armor, weighty sounds rang out.

As if they’d been waiting, the Patore Legion’s soldiers surrounding Roan stepped back.

They were leaving Roan to the Blick Knight Order.

‘It would have been better if a messy fight broke out instead.....’

Roan made a bitter smile.

He had planned to use the enemy soldiers as shields and cause chaos.

But now that he was facing the small number of elite knight order, that was an impossible plan from then on.

‘Should I be thinking thankful that there is no ballista attack?’

A bitter smile hanged on Roan’s mouth.

Currently, the ballistas that were set along the castle wall were all facing outside of the south gate.

Dex, who climbed down to below the castle wall in the meantime, grabbed the scabbard at his waist with his left hand and placed his right fist on his left chest.

“Greetings to Sir Count Lancephil.”

Showing courtesy to the kingdom’s grand noble even though having met as an enemy.

Sseureng.

Dex pulled out his sword and looked straight at Roan.

“Why have you revolted against his majesty the king, sir?”

At those words, Roan lightly swung the Traviass Spear and answered in a composed voice.

“I merely follow the citizens of the kingdom.”

“Hhm.”

Dex leaked a quiet groan.

How could he not know of it.

The difference, between Roan’s actions and Simon’s actions.

But Dex was a knight of a noble house to the bones.

He was a resolute man who could unhesitantly offer up his life if it was his lord's order.

If Delph wished it, he would merely follow.

Dex pulled up his mana and aimed at Roan with the tip of his sword.

“The head of the Blick Knight Order Dex Kerry faces Sir Roan Lancephil.”

It wasn't a request for a duel.

This was a short courtesy toward Roan who was a count and the declaration of battle that signaled the start of an intense battle.

Taat!

Together with the declaration of battle, every Blick Knight Order's member including Blick pounced towards Roan.

There was no such thing as incaution.

They were plentifully aware of the might of Roan Lancephil the Crimson Ghost.

Thanks to that, Roan was set in a difficult situation.

‘It would have been nice if they at least looked down on me.....’

A bitter smile hanged.

First, he tried to find a gap in the coordinated attacks.

Between the swords ferocious crossing the space, small gaps repeated to appear and disappear.

Meanwhile, Dex's blade arrived above Roan's head.

‘We did it!’

‘We caught Count Lancephil!’

Everyone thought so.

But even at the split movement between life and death, Roan showed off unbelievably calm and nimble movements.

Spapat!

Thirty swords cut through the air aiming for Roan's head, body, and legs, but all hit empty air.

Roan, as if dancing, shook his body and perfectly escaped out of the forest made of swords.

No, he thought he perfectly escaped.

But.

Spat!

The moment he stood again after pushing through the group of Blick Knight Order, his shoulder and thigh armors pitifully split and fell onto the ground.

The padded armor he wore below too was split and quite deep wounds appeared on his hard and muscular skin.

‘As expected, is facing knights without mana impossible?’

An unsatisfactory result to Roan himself.

But the ordinary soldiers who were watching were actually gaping their mouths.

“Ho, how did he dodge that?”

“Did you see?”

“N, no. I, I couldn't see anything.”

Gulp.

Everyone dryly swallowed.

In truth, dodging a coordinated attack that more than thirty knights pour down without a single bit of mana itself was an incredible feat.

‘He's a monster.’

Dex too was overflowing with a surprised look.

But he soon regained calm in his heart.

The situation was advantageous to them.

“You’ve gotten tired, sir.”

Dex straightened his stance and glared at Roan.

Through this exchange, he had realized that there was no mana inside Roan’s body.

‘He’s a troublesome opponent.’

Roan clenched his teeth.

Even though the south gate was right in front of his nose, his legs were caught.

‘There definitely must be a way.....’

Even in a split situation between life and death, his thoughts rapidly spun.

However, a shrewd solution did not easily appear.

Vvuuuuu! Dum! Dum! Dum!

“Uah!”

“Climb over the wall!”

“Climb! Kuhuk!”

Even during that while, the screams of Lancephil Fief Regiment’s soldiers outside the castle gate were heard.

Roan’s expression stiffly solidified and a smile floated up on Dex’s face.

“If it’s that tiring.....”

A killing intent flashed at the tip of Dex’s sword.

“Please now rest.”

Simultaneously, he pulled up his mana and bent his knees as if to

kick off the ground.

At that very instant.

“D, dod, dodge!”

“Dodge, sir!”

Suddenly, the nearby soldiers gasped and shouted.

Dududududu!

Soon following, the sound of horse hooves shaking the ground hit the ears.

Roan and the Blick Knight Order's knights including Dex creased their foreheads and turned their heads towards the sound.

“A cart?”

“A carriage?”

More than tens of carts and carriages were racing towards the south gate from the west, north, and east.

The horsemen driving the carts and the carriages weren't seen.

Neeeeeign!

The horses seemed to be completely agitated.

The carts and the carriages simply had no sign of stopping.

Even if one were a knight, nine out of ten would be crushed and killed on the spot if not careful.

“Damn it! Dodge them!”

Dex quickly ordered and moved back.

The knights also quickly moved their bodies.

Roan too kicked off the ground and stepped back while distancing himself from Dex and the Blick Knight Order.

Thanks to the carts and carriages that abruptly appeared, he was able to buy time to catch his breath.

Dudududududu!

Tens of carts and carriages went past in front of his eyes.

“Uaaak!”

“Run!”

Amongst the ordinary soldiers, where were few who couldn't quite dodge and were crashed by the carts and the carriages.

Kwakang! Kwakakakang!

The horses weren't sane.

They charged directly towards the tightly closed castle gate and the solid wall and then powerfully crashed.

Carts and carriages jumbled together and shattered into pieces together with booming sounds.

“Just what is.....”

Dex looked at the carts and carriages that filled the front of the south gate and creased his brows.

He couldn't understand the bizarre situation that abruptly occurred.

At that moment and before him, Roan widely opened his eyes.

Because a familiar smell brushed the tip of his nose.

‘Oil?’

The viscous and nauseating thing was definitely the smell of oil.

With the Kalian's Tears, he quickly swept his gaze over the carts and carriages' wreckage.

‘It's grass!’

Below the pile of wood, damply wetted grasses were abundant.

The carts and the carriages were bountifully carrying grass wetted with oil.

‘Just who would.....?’

Even Roan tilted his head with a puzzled look.

Suddenly.

Piing!

A sharp sound of air splitting apart tore into his ears.

Roan instinctively turned his head and looked towards the direction the sound came from.

A single arrow cutting through the blue sky and flying towards them.

And a small flame that beautifully shone instead of an arrowhead.

“Eh?”

“Eh.....”

“What’s.....”

Dex and the knights as well as the soldiers around the south gate looked at the arrow and formed dazed expressions.

The arrow, which drew an arc and flew towards them, directly fell inside the pile of carts and carriages.

Suddenly.

Fwooooooosh!

An incredible fire soared up.

“Hph!”

“Huhuk!”

From the incredible flame suddenly rising up, their breaths abruptly got caught.

The skin cooked red and the eyes felt hot as if to burn away.

“Kuuk! Step back!”

“Move back!”

Dex clenched his teeth and walked backwards.

Even if one was a knight who could control mana, one couldn't handle an incredible fire like this.

The Blick Knight Order quickly moved back.

But.

“Uuak!”

“Sa, save me!”

“Ho, hot!”

The soldiers who were tightly close up to the south gate couldn't quite dodge the fire.

Swallowed by the crimson flame, they squirmed for life.

“Uuaaak!”

“Kuuk!”

Hell.

A hell of flame unfolded in front of the south gate.

But excluding just one person.

“Huu.”

Roan exhaled a long sigh.

His expression was calm.

It wasn't because of the Brent's Ring that had the ability to control body temperature.

Right now, he was feeling an incredible energy from the powerful flame that wrapped around his entire body.

Each time he breathed in and out, incredible heat went in and out of his body.

His heart felt calm and the inside of his head turned clear.

Roan deeply breathed in and looked towards the direction the arrow flew from.

A long distance that one absolutely couldn't guess shapes if one was an ordinary individual.

But Roan, who had the Kalian's Tears, could clearly see the faces of the two people hiding between two buildings.

One was a middle-aged man holding a bow.

'Probably, that man shot the arrow.'

But the one who schemed this event likely wasn't him.

'The one who schemed up this event is the youthful young man next to him.....'

A smile hanged on Roan's mouth.

The reason he was so certain was one.

Because he had already met the youthful young man many times before.

'Are you finally moving?'

Roan's eyes twinkled and shone with light.

His gaze went towards the youthful young man.

'Ian Phillips.'

Chapter 211: Amaranth (11)

“Sir Count Lancephil. I hope this fire field tactic was of a help.”

Ian Phillips, who was hiding himself in a gap between two buildings, formed a faint smile.

According to the data Count Phillips House, no, the intelligence organization Evishun that Ian Phillips privately commanded to be precise, Roan could increase his strength through heat.

‘The final battle with the Istel Kingdom Army when Sir Count Lancephil was the Troop Commander of the 2nd Rose Troop.....’

At the time, Istel Kingdom allied with the Byron Kingdom and invaded Rinse Kingdom’s northeast regions.

Roan, who was a mere adjutant of a troop at the time, showed superb strategies and outstanding might and rose up to the newly formed 2nd Rose Troop’s Troop Commander rank past the Vice Troop Commander rank.

The Istel Kingdom Army ultimately chose retreat due to Roan’s performance and Baron Aaron Tate who was the 7th Corps Corps Commander at the time decided reorganizing the troop instead of giving chase.

But as Viscount Benjamin Doyle, who was the Eastern Corps Supreme Commander, became blinded by military achievements and forcibly gave a pursuit order, the events began to turn foul.

The 7th Corps that went on a chase had fallen into the current Istel Kingdom’s noble Viscount Peid Neil’s scheme and received damage of near annihilation.

Ultimately, only the Corps Commander Aaron was able to barely salvage his life and Troop Commander Gale of the Rose Troop and the majority of the troop members including adjutant Keniss lost their lives.

‘According to the collected information, Sir Count Lancephil who joined in on the battlefield late suddenly absorbed the surrounding flame and then turned into a monstrous form.’

The rumor that the Istel Kingdom Army’s soldiers who saw that sight at the time called Roan the Crimson Ghost and feared him after returning to their country.

‘Sir Count Lancephil. The Phillips House cannot particularly use its power due to his majesty the king’s, no, Prince Simon’s suppression and Viscount Delph Blick’s surveillance. All I can do for you is this fire field tactic.’

A fire field tactic using carriages and carts.

This was an especially impromptu strategy.

It was a strategy he made up on the spot the moment the Evishun’s agents who were staked out in the entirety of capital, Miller, notified him of the news of Roan’s appearance.

Having created and executed the strategy predicted to have the highest effect with the information about Roan he was reported on in the past and estimating Roan’s current state.

Ian Phillips.

The genius was definitely a genius.

However, there was a part that not even he could have predicted.

That although it was a fact that Roan receive a powerful strength according to heat, that an incredibly large side effect followed that.

Because of that side effect, Roan was abstaining from absorbing heat directly into his body.

Also the same for right now.

‘Huu. What to do.’

Roan couldn’t easily employ the Flamdor Mana Technique.

The crimson flame waved as if to seduce him.

‘The possibility of rampaging is high.’

Roan bit his lower lips.

It was also the same at that time.

When he raged at the death of Rose Troop’s members and pulled in the field’s fire into his body.

Roan had absolutely no memory of that time.

Except that from listening to the troop members at a later date, they had said that it wasn’t an appearance of a human.

A crimson ghost.

Roan didn’t want to experience that event again.

Furthermore.

‘A situation where the water energy that controlled the heat has hit the bottom.’

It meant that regaining calm was impossible if he were to rampage.

His hesitation lengthened.

Suddenly.

Gggggcckk!

A sound that made his forehead crease pierced through his ears.

Roan looked towards the direction the sound was heard from.

“Hhm.”

A quiet groan leaked out.

The castle wall that widely spread left and right following the south gate bursting with flame.

The ballistas situated on top of that had all turned their directions and were aiming at him.

And next to that, Viscount Delph Blick, who as guarding the

ramparts, glanced through the south gate area with fierce eyes.

‘This is definitely a fire field tactic. Count Lancephil isn’t alone.’

A very normal conclusion.

Delph clenched his teeth.

Then the one that he had to take care of foremost wasn’t the army outside the castle but the army inside the castle.

Gigigigick!

The stiff and tight strings were intensely pulled.

For each ballista, five above five below, a total of ten arrows were placed.

A strategy to fire the five arrows notched on the upper string first and then fire the remaining arrows.

If more than ten ballistas fired arrows with timed difference, they would be able to give serious damage to Roan as well as to his army that should be hiding somewhere.

‘I don’t have a choice.’

Roan exhaled a short sigh.

If he were to stay still like this, he would be skewered by a spear-sized ballista arrow and lose his life.

‘I can only hope not to rampage.’

A long time had passed since the first rampage.

The Flamdor Mana Technique too was at a situation where he had repeated training after training.

‘It should be easier to control the heat than before.’

Roan tightly clenched his fists.

The Traviar Spear on his right hand sharply trembled its body.

As if it too was afraid of the situation that would storm from then on.

‘No, perhaps it may be delighted. Since there still hasn’t been one time when the Traviar Spear has shown all of its strength.’

Roan bitterly smiled and closed his eyes.

From the edge of his ears, Delph’s voice was heard.

“Aim!”

Gggggckk!

The ballistas twisted its bodies left and right and aimed directly at Roan.

Simultaneously with that, Roan employed the Flamdor Mana Technique that he had laboriously sealed.

And.

Fwwoooooosh!

The giant flame that was widening its size around the south gate area greatly waved as if delighted.

It, almost as if a living organism, danced and swarmed around Roan.

A crimson tempest whirled with Roan at the center.

“Uuuuk! What the!”

“The, the fire’s moving on its on!”

“It’s a squall of fire! Dodge it!”

The surrounding knights and soldiers jumped and moved back.

Even Delph, who was standing on the ramparts, became dazed at the unnatural sight.

Forgetting even giving orders to the ballista troopers to fire, his gaze was caught by the whirling flame.

Kwakakakakang!

The carriages and carts’ wreckages were finely shattered and soon turned into ashes and disappeared.

“Uaaaak!”

“Kuhuk!”

Few soldiers were swallowed by the whirling flame and turned into balls of fire.

Roan, still with his eyes closed, focused on using the Flamdor Mana Technique.

A situation where he too had now entered the most important moment.

‘Should I begin.....’

An instant.

Paaaat!

The fire whirling Roan’s surroundings was sucked inside his body.

An event that occurred in a blink of an eye.

As the fire disappeared, the incredible sound of wind and monstrous roar that were hitting the ears all disappeared as well.

Stillness and peace.

A strange silence fell down in the south gate area.

The Blick Knight order including Delph and the Patore Legion’s soldiers stared at Roan with a half-dazed expressions.

A situation where Roan was standing straight and still closing his eyes.

“Whe, where did the fire.....”

Dex Kerry, the Blick Knight Order’s commander, unknowingly muttered then halted.

“Vapor?”

Because a white breath had come out in front of his mouth.

At the same time with that.

“Uhuk!”

“Co, cold!”

“What is happening!”

The nearby knights and soldiers quiveringly trembled and exhaled out breaths.

The season was Midsummer when the southern wind blew.

Definitely, a burning Sun was scorching above their heads.

But for some reason, the air brushing their skin were beyond chill and cold like a blade.

However, it wasn't that only the knights and soldiers in front of the south gate were experiencing such situation.

Although there were differences in degree, not only the Lancephil Fief Regiment outside the castle gate but the citizens of the Miller Castle and even Aily Rinse and the elves who were fighting the enemy army far away at the palace were feeling the frigid cold.

“Lady Piscis. This.....”

One elf turned towards Aily.

Aily, who cut down a knight who was running towards her, slightly nodded her head.

“You're correct. The heat disappeared from the mana around us.”

“How could such.....”

When the elves were shaking their heads with shocked expressions, Aily's gaze headed towards the south.

‘Sir Lancephil. You're okay, right?’

Her heart unreasonably became hurried.

Quickly swinging her long and thin sword, she kicked off the

ground.

“We’ll have to go to the south gate as fast as possible.”

“Yes! Understood!”

Energetic answers.

Soon following that, the elves’ graceful and brilliant swordsmanship cut through the air.

They too had felt that the events weren’t flowing unnaturally.

The chilled air, no the earth, no, the world.

Roan, who had actually caused such unnatural situation, was still closing his eyes and standing on the same spot.

‘We have to end him before he moves.’

Delph clenched his teeth.

Veteran was a veteran.

The sharp instinct unique to a commander who had rolled through battlefields for decades.

Delph, feeling a horrifying terror, shouted towards the ballista troopers.

“Fire! Fire all the ballistas!”

“Yes? Yes, yes! Understood!”

The ballista troopers who were warming their frigid hands came back to themselves a moment late and quickly fired the ballistas that had finished loading.

Tudung! Tudung! Tududududung!

More than ten ballistas fired spear-sized arrows one after another.

Ssweaaaak!

Together with a sound of ripping apart the air, fist-sized arrowheads flew towards Roan.

An instant between life and death.

Even so, Roan, still with both eyes closed, wasn't even twitching.

'It's done!'

Delph inwardly cheered.

"Die!"

"Die just like that!"

The knights and the soldiers shouted at the top of their lungs.

But their wish couldn't be achieved.

The moment spear-sized arrows reached foot from Roan.

Flash!

Roan opened the closed eyes.

Simultaneously.

Paaaaaaat!

An incredible fire burst up from his body.

It was a much more colossal and burning flame than the original flame that was burning the south gate area.

"Kuuk!"

"Kuk!"

The knights and the soldiers, at the incredible gust of heat, wrapped their arms in front of their faces and stepped back. No, were pushed backwards.

Furthermore, the ballista arrows that flew as if to instantly skewer Roan turned into fistful of dust and disappeared.

Literally an incredible heat.

It brought to minds the hellfire of hell.

"Da, damn it! Just what is this!"

"For the disappeared flame to burst out from a man's body!"

Numerous knights including Delph and Dex and soldiers lost their minds at the unbelievable sight.

At that moment.

Fwooooosh.

The flame that intensely soared towards the sky slowly subsided and Roan's form that was standing inside of it showed itself.

“Ah.....”

For an instant, exclamations and dejected sighs stormed on the south gate area.

Roan Lancephil.

The neat brown hair and eyebrows, eyes, and manly face disappeared as if into a thin air.

The hair, eyebrows, and eyes were colored with a bright red light and a crimson flame was flowing on the hair and eyebrows.

Furthermore, the hair had grown long below even the waist.

Crimson fire thickly dripped flowing the ends of his hair.

But the even more shocking thing was.

Fwaaaaaaaah!

The Traviass Spear the right hand was holding.

The spearhead as well as even the pole that was originally black was all covered in a bright red flame, but that heat did not seem ordinary.

Gulp.

Everyone lost their words.

Roan's appearance wasn't an appearance of a human.

That was almost.

“C, Crimson Ghost?”

The name the people of the world gave and called Roan.

That Crimson Ghost had truly descended into the world.

A feeling of suffocating just from staring at it.

“Di, die!”

Delph on the ramparts instinctively shouted.

“Die!”

Dxe too was the same.

If it wasn't now, they felt that they won't be able to properly counterattack even once.

Tat!

Dex and the Blick Knight Order pounced towards Roan.

The Patore Legion's elite soldiers followed their backs.

Hundreds of people formed a circle and pounced Roan.

But.

“Kuuuuuuuuu.”

The tips of Roan's mouth, who had been still, slightly went up and a monstrous laugh flowed up.

Simultaneously.

Ssswuaaaang!

The Traviass Spear elongated with an incredible speed and quickly spun.

Fwooooosh!

Bright red flames burst out in every direction.

The spear and the flame pounced the knights and the soldiers.

“Block it! Blo.....”

Dex's shout couldn't reach to the end.

The moment the Traviar Spear and his sword and body touched, half of his entire body incinerated.

Death.

At the very least, he was able to leave at least half of his body because his level of mana was high.

Low rank knights or ordinary soldiers, the moment they were touched by the flame, became a fistful of ash and scattered.

“.....”

He couldn't leave behind even a scream or a throe of death.

Wooosh.

Instead of the southern wind that originally should be warm, a cold southern wind softly whirled around the south gate area.

Ashen dusts hollowly flew across the sky.

“So, son of a.....!”

Delph, who was watching the situation from the ramparts, goggled his eyes and shouted.

That was also the same for the knights and soldiers who were still alive or hadn't carelessly attacked.

“I, it's a ghost! It's a Crimson Ghost!”

“It's a god of fire!”

“A monster! It's a monster!”

The rationalities were paralyzed by the intense fear.

Delph tightly clenched his fist and shouted.

“Idiotic bastards! Fire the ballistas! Don't get close and fire the arrows and throw the spears instead!”

He spurred the knights and the soldiers.

“Roan Lancephil too is a human! Get a hold of yourselves!”

Berating shouts poured down.

Gggggckk

Soon the ballistas finished loading anew.

Although the knights and soldiers weren't very willing, they received Delph's order and fired arrows and threw spears towards Roan.

Then they soon regretted their actions.

Fwoosh.

The arrows and spears couldn't even touch Roan's body.

The newly fired ballista arrows too were the same.

The arrows and spears, the moment they reached Roan's surroundings, turned into a fistful of ash and disappeared.

"Uuuuh."

"No, no way."

The knights and soldiers unconsciously and falteringly stepped backwards.

"Kuuuuuh."

Roan, who had been watching, sinisterly smiled and burst out a crazed laugh.

A look of obliquely bending his head.

The scarlet hair flowing with fire gently waved.

And at that instant.

Taat!

The Crimson Ghost moved.

Paaaaaat!

The Traviar Spear that was longsword-sized elongated longly and thickened as wide as a man's torso.

The flame flowing along the spear and the spearhead also became much larger.

Kwakang! Kwakakakakakang!

Roan swung that giant spear of fire as he wished.

Each time, the ground was gouged out and the crests of the earth were turned over.

The knights and soldiers who were forming an encirclement, without being able to properly oppose even once, turned into a mush or became ash and disappeared.

“Kuuaaaaaah!”

Roan, as if he had gotten exhilarated, exploded out a monstrous laugh.

Delph crumpled his forehead at that gruesome sound.

“Fire! Continue and fire the ballistas! I’m telling you to do everything we can!”

The resounding voice echoed through the south gate area.

But that instead pulled in Roan’s attention.

“Kuuu?”

Roan casually glanced at the highly soaring castle wall.

The scarlet pupils repeated shrinking and widening.

“Uum!”

Delph, together with a groan, dryly swallowed.

‘I met them.’

He had felt Roan and his gaze meeting.

Sseureng.

Delph pulled out his sword.

He was a veteran amongst veteran commanders.

He wasn't a coward who would run with an enemy in front of him.

"Alright! Come at....."

The shout he intended to bravely shout couldn't continue to its end.

Paat!

Because Roan who was below the castle wall kicked off the ground and soared up into the air.

It was the castle wall that not even a single one of even that Lancephil Fief Regiment famous as a mighty army couldn't step on for days.

The castle wall of the capital, Miller, was that high and giant.

But Roan, with merely a single jump, jumped up to the ramparts even higher than the castle wall.

"Huh....."

Delph expelled out an empty laugh.

He, looking at the giant Traviass Spear flying towards him in front of his eyes, muttered with a despondent voice.

"Count Lancephil. Are you truly a ghost?"

The answer?

"Kuuuuu."

Was merely an unintelligible monstrous shout.

Simultaneously.

Kkwaaaaaaaang!

With an incredible roar, the Traviass Spear struck the ramparts and Delph.

The Rinse Kingdom's veteran commander Delph Blick, without being able to swing his sword even once, lost his life.

The south gate's ramparts too, which had firmly stood its place since the kingdom's birth, was absurdly destroyed.

Kukukukukung.

The wreckage of the rampart rained down inside and outside of the castle gate.

Roan directly turned his body and came down on top of the castle wall.

It was to destroy the ballistas that were shooting spear-sized arrows at him.

“Uah! Ru, run!”

“Move! I said move!”

“Do, don't push! We're falling!”

The soldiers who were guarding above the castle wall, at Roan's entrance, were frightened out of their wits and ran.

During that process, those jumping or falling down the castle wall also frequently occurred.

“Kuuuuuh!”

Of course, Roan minded it none.

Raising the giant Traviass Spear high up into the sky, he then directly smacked the castle wall.

Kkwaaaaaang!

With an incredible explosive sound, the ballistas were all destroyed.

Roan jumped over to the other side of the rampart and destroyed the remaining ballistas without missing any.

Craaaaack!

A crack formed on the solid castle wall.

Roan's attack was incredibly powerful to that degree.

“Kuuuuuu!”

Roan, who had finished all of the ballistas, jumped once again down below the castle wall and cornered the Blick Knight Order and the Patore Legion’s soldiers.

The Traviass Spear slowly lengthen and thickened, and now its length easily went over half the high of the castle wall and its width was about five times that of a grown man’s body.

Kwakang! Boom! Kwakang!

Roan’s spear was now not a weapon for facing humans.

The giant spear of fire split the earth and gouge out the castle wall.

And finally.

Kwukukukukukung!

The nearby castle wall including the south gate area broke down.

A sight that it absolutely couldn’t be believed that one human had cause.

Gulp.

Ian, who was watching the south gate area, unconsciously swallowed dryly.

He, towards the middle-aged man next to him, asked in a quiet voice.

“What exactly have we done?”

The middle-aged man too was of shocked-still expression.

“I don’t know, sir. I, if that’s the Crimson Ghost’s real form, then the information Evishun collected was too poor.”

Ian slowly nodded his head at those words.

“Yes. That’s not a crimson ghost.”

Gulp.

Once again, a dry spit gulped over.

“That is a god. And a savage war god at that.”

A bitter smile hanged on his mouth.

“So we have summoned a god into this world.”

“Yes. And a crimson war god red like blood at that.....”

Even while the two people were conversing with dry voices, Roan moved without a pause.

The south gate area became a ruin.

At the place where the fire disappeared thanks to Roan, a hell of fire unfolded again thanks to Roan.

And at that place, a group of people simultaneously appeared from both south and north.

“Tha, that’s!”

Austin and the Lancephil Fief Regiment, who were charging in through the destroyed south gate, faltered and stopped their steps.

“My, my lord?”

“How in that form again!”

Austin, Harrison, and so on, who had already experienced rampage of Roan in the time of 2nd Rose Troop, did not carelessly approach and moved back.

“Don’t rashly act and all army retreat back!”

A new order fell down.

Because the Lancephil Fief Army was an exceedingly well-trained powerful army, the order was executed immediately.

‘It’s a rampage. If this really is a rampage, it’s a situation where he has no consciousness.’

Austin swallowed dry spit and looked at Harrison.

Harrison too slowly nodded his head.

He too was of a same thought as Austin.

To stop damage to the allies that might perhaps occur, retreating back for now was wise.

But the moment they were just about to retreat back outside of the south gate, a woman unhesitantly approached towards Roan from the north side.

“Ah!”

Austin’s face instantly stiffened.

“It’s dangerous! Please move back, your highness!”

The woman’s identity was in fact Aily.

But Aily, unclear whether she heard or didn’t heard Austin’s shout, didn’t stop her steps and kept approaching towards Roan.

Kwakang! Kwakakakakang!

Roan, who was swinging the giant Traviass Spear and was turning the area into a ruin, looked at Aily approaching straight towards him and burst out a monstrous laugh.

“Kuuuuuu!”

He raised the Traviass Spear high into the sky.

A movement to crush and kill Aily.

“Lady Piscis! It’s dangerous!”

“Please come back!”

The elves desperately called out to Aily.

Aily, without stopping her steps or looking back, answered in a soft and clear voice.

“It’s not dangerous. Because the man in front of me is Sir Roan Lancephil.”

A situation where the Traviass Spear could immediately fall above her head.

But she had absolutely no look of being afraid.

“Kuuuu?”

Roan rolled his scarlet eyes this way and that and looked at Aily.

The hand holding the giant Traviass Spear sharply trembled.

A pause was made on the unstoppable rampage.

Aily continued to move her steps towards Roan.

“Sir Lancephil. It’s fine now. The tightly closed south gate has opened.”

A beautiful smile and a gentle voice.

Her large and clear eyes pushed away Roan’s scarlet eyes.

“Put down that heavy spear now and please rest easy.”

Roan and Aily now neared enough to touch if they extend their hand.

“Kuuuuuh.”

Roan sharply trembled his entire body.

The scarlet eyes greatly shook left and right.

Aily slowly extended her hand.

The tip of her fingers touched Roan’s cheek.

“I’ll be at your side.”

A touch gentler and more tender than the wind.

Roan’s eyes shook even faster.

The sharply trembling body too became even more violent.

And finally.

“Kuuaaaaaah!”

An incredible monstrous roar exploded out.

“Lady Piscis!”

“Princess!”

With the south gate in between, voices worrying of Aily exploded out from the south and the north.

But Aily didn't have a single bit of trembling.

She, still faintly smiling, softly wrapped her hands around Roan's face.

“Kuuaaaah.....”

Roan's monstrous roar slowly died down.

The Travias Spear, which had reached half of the castle wall's high and five times the width of a grown man's body, slowly turned small.

The fire that burned crimson too slowly disappeared.

Ssss.

The scarlet hair and eyebrows, eyes too found its original hue.

Sss.

At the same time, the frigid southern wind that brushed their skin and flowed also turned warm.

Silence.

Once again, a heavy silence and an unbelievably warm peace descended onto the south gate area.

The gazes of the Lancephil Fief Regiment, the elves, and the surviving Patore Legion's soldiers headed towards Roan and Aily.

Paat!

A crimson light flashed from Roan's body.

Simultaneously, his body greatly wobbled.

Aily quickly embraced Roan onto her chest and carefully sat down.

Although it was a dirty dirt ground, she paid not mind.

“Aily.....”

Roan, seemingly tired, exhaled a long sigh with his eyes closed.

“Yes. I’m here. Don’t worry.”

Aily carefully brushed Roan’s brown hair.

Roan softly smiled and whisperingly leaked out a word.

“Thanks.”

Aily, rather than an answer, faintly smiled and lowered her head.

The long hair gently flowed along the wind.

A pleasant smell spread on the blood-smelling battlefield.

Roan, embracing Aily’s scent, lost his consciousness.

Like that, the capital, Miller Castle, was conquered under Roan Lancephil’s name.

Chapter 212: Amaranth (12)

It was an unprecedented event.

A single human conquering a castle, and a kingdom's capital at that, was an event without a precedent.

It was a feat that even Reid, who was one of the strongest humans in history and the original owner of the Flamdor Mana Technique, couldn't succeed.

"Our lord is a war god. A war god."

"A god has borrowed a man's body and descended."

"I was worrying just what to do from now on when we were attacking the capital, Miller, but....."

"There's no one who could beat our lord."

The Lancephil Fief Regiment's soldiers were of greatly flushed expressions.

They by themselves held pride at being Roan's soldiers.

The citizens of the capital, Miller, too were elated as much as the Lancephil Fief Regiment's soldiers, no, even more than the soldiers.

The end of the reign of terror.

Freedom from Simon Rinse's tyrannical reign.

The castle's residents showed cheers at the news of Roan and Lancephil Fief Regiment's entrance to the castle.

"If it's Sir Count Lancephil, we can trust and depend on him."

"He's different than the other nobles."

"Since he always cared for the people at low places."

The castle's residents looked up to and at the same time respected and loved Roan.

Because of that, all of the castle's citizens even gathered in the plaza and prayed for Roan's recovery when the rumor that Roan fell down during the battle went around.

"Sir Count Lancephil. Please wake up soon."

"We are always on Sir Count Lancephil's side."

The ardent prayers of the castle's residents rode the warm southern wind and headed towards the mansion Roan resided.

Roan, instead of the palace, instead chose an ownerless humble mansion in the inner castle as residence.

Although he had lost his consciousness, his subordinates too were people who knew of what was proper as much as Roan.

Princess Aily Rinse too did not return to the palace and stayed at Roan's side.

On this, numerous buzzing rumors went around.

"What's this? Is Sir Count Lancephil and Princess Aily actually in so and so kind of relationship?"

Six, seven men gathered in a shabby pub and were sharing a chat.

"This kind of words may be a bit harsh, but..... isn't it a bit regrettable for Sir Count Lancephil? The situation is like so, and Princess Aily was someone without enough presence to be called the shadow princess even amongst the royalty....."

At those words, an old man in his early late-age clicked his tongue and shook his head.

"Nah. This man, he really doesn't know how the world goes around. Look here, Prince Simon climbed himself onto the throne, but he's an incomplete king without the royal crest nor the national seal and he's putting up mad acts of cutting off heads of ordinary citizens as well as those of his nobles and killing them. Prince Tommy is already dead so there's nothing more to say there, and although Prince Kallum is also better than prince

Simon, he too isn't treating the kingdom's citizens like people. The three princes' acts are all atrocious and tyrannical that even a popular revolt called the Black Rinse rose up."

"Right. Right. But even that Black Rinse in the end came to follow Sir Count Lancephil."

Numerous people echoed his words.

The aging old man clicked his fingers with an excited expression.

"Right! That's it! Even angry citizens can trust and follow if it's Sir Count Lancephil. But even Sir Count Lancephil has a problem."

"A problem? On Sir Count?"

The people asked back with shocked expressions.

The aging old man quickly nodded his head and added on.

"Sir Count Lancephil is a man who started from the bottom with a commoner background to the current place. In short, his bloodline is the problem. This is something that just can't solved with his own abilities. But....."

Only then did the numerous men noticed and exclaimed out.

"Aha! So the problem is solved if Sir Count Lancephil marries Princess Aily?"

The aging old man nodded his head.

"Right! Although she's a shadow princess or whatnot princess without any ability or power, it's a fact that she's definitely of Rinse Royalty's bloodline. If Sir Count Lancephil marries Princess Aily, Sir Count also becomes a member of the royalty. The sole problem that was the bloodline issue becomes solved."

Gulp.

Everyone dryly gulped.

Within their heads, they all thought of a same future.

The youngest and tactless man unknowingly spoke out the future

within his head out of his mouth.

“Oho. Then if he can just properly calm this messy crisis, Sir Count Lancephil will become the Rinse Kingdom’s new ki.....”

But even he couldn’t easily continue the words.

Because it simply was an incredibly big story.

Gulp.

Everyone dryly swallowed with nervous looks.

‘Seriously.....?’

‘Is such a thing possible?’

Until now, no one dare thought that another house other than the Rinse Royalty would climb up to the throne.

To such a degree, the seat of the monarch was like sacred ground none could dare covet.

But right now, Roan who wasn’t even of a prestigious noble house with a long history but a newly rising noble of a commoner background was stepping his feet into that sacred ground.

“Khm.”

The one who broke the silence was the aging old man.

“Anyhow, if the two sir and lady are really in such and such relationship, the things from now on will become interesting.”

Everyone nodded their heads.

Roan Lancephil, Simon Rinse, Kallum Rinse.

And even the faction that followed dead Tommy Rinse.....

The possibility that the Rinse Kingdom would face a never-before experienced era of chaos was high.

And an era of chaos where any of its endings were possible at that.

“By the way.”

A middle-aged man who was occupying a cornered seat snickered and shook his head.

“The story you said until now is all correct, but there’s just one thing wrong.”

At the abrupt story, everyone creased their brows.

“Un? What’s that?”

“What do you mean?”

Sounds and gazes asking back poured down.

The middle-aged man pointed at his ear with his finger.

“Princess Aily doesn’t have any power or ability? Not at all. Don’t you know that the princess demonstrated an incredible swordsmanship in this battle? Furthermore, the more important thing is the ones the princess ordered around like her limbs. Their identities were.....”

His eyes flashed and shone with light.

At that moment, a loud voice abruptly jumped out from within the pub.

“They were elves! Elves!”

The owner of the voice was the pub’s owner.

The middle-aged man, who was putting up air so much, nodded his head with a de-energized expression.

“Yeah. Right. Elves. I don’t know for what reason, but it looks like Princess Aily has elves as her subordinates. That, in short, means that if Sir Count Lancephil were to marry Princess Aily.....”

Everyone’s eyes twinkled and flashed with light.

The middle-aged man grinned and finished his words as if to declare.

“Not only becoming a member of the royalty, he may even take in elves as his subordinates.”

It was an incredible story.

A silence once again whirled inside the pub.

Once again, they were drawing a same future within their heads.

Amongst them, one muttered in a small voice.

“It’s not a bad future.....?”

A simple bedroom where three, four candles were pushing away the dark.

On the hurriedly prepared and clean bed, one young man was lied down.

Neat brown hair and eyebrows, a manly face.

The identity of the young man who was closing his eyes as if dead was Roan.

He, after having conquered the capital, Miller, alone and losing his consciousness, wasn’t able to wake up even as two days passed.

“Sir Lancephil.....”

Together with a beautiful voice, a snow-white hand brushed Roan’s hair and cheek.

The woman staying by the bedside was Princess Aily Rinse.

Her deep and large eyes shone with a sad light.

‘I heard of it from reports, but this is the first time I personally saw that appearance.’

Roan’s rampage.

That was a truly bizarre experience.

In truth, she worried a lot when she first saw that look.

‘Since it’s no different than brother Simon if it’s a rampage by madness.....’

However much Roan loved and cared for the kingdom's citizens, a leader who cannot control his madness couldn't be called a good leader.

Aily even thought of taking Roan and retiring far into the countryside and living a humble life if the things went wrong.

Of course, that was something completely impossible due to various reasons.

‘But.....’

Thankfully, Roan and Simon were different.

‘I’m glad.’

A faint smile hanged on Aily's mouth.

In the process of cleaning up the battlefield, a surprising truth was revealed.

‘He consciously avoided the castle's citizens and the allies.’

When Roan became the Crimson Ghost, no, a Crimson War God and was turning the south gate region into a ruin, the nearby residences of the castle's citizens didn't receive even a little damage.

They thought that the citizen's loss would obviously be immense since he had so mindlessly hit and broke, but the things that were destroyed were only the castle wall, the military facilities, and the wide empty space in front of the south gate. Furthermore, when he climbed up onto the castle wall to destroy the ballistas and the ramparts, he poured down his attacks towards the enemy army inside the castle gate between the armies inside and outside the gate.

Meaning that he had clearly distinguished allies and foes even while rampaging.

That was completely different than Simon's madness which unrestrainedly cut down and killed the subordinates who followed

for their entire lives like his limbs.

And most of all.

‘He showed a reaction to my voice, to my appearance.’

No, it wasn’t at a level of showing a reaction.

The outer look that was dyed red with a scarlet light returned to what it was and he regained sanity.

A look of stopping the rampage himself.

Before he lost his consciousness, he even left a word of thanks.

A feeling almost like having become a special person.

That made Aily happy.

‘I won’t fret.’

Although Roan wasn’t able to regain consciousness for the second day, she didn’t worry.

She trusted Roan.

“Because you are sir Roan Lancephil.”

The beautiful voice tickled Roan’s ears.

‘Where is this?’

Everywhere was dark like a jet-black darkness.

The only thing visible were his arms, legs, body.

He couldn’t even distinguish up and down.

The one looking around everywhere with a panicked expression was Roan.

‘Perhaps.....’

His face stiffly solidified.

‘Have I died?’

But he soon shook his head.

An instinctive rejection.

‘Not yet. It still isn’t the time for me to die.’

Furthermore.

‘Since it wasn’t like this when I died in the last life.....’

The thing called death was truly painful.

He couldn’t tell if it was due to dying from being stabbed by a sword, but it was an experience he definitely didn’t wish to go through again.

But the now, although it was baffling, didn’t feel painful or agonizing.

Rather, his body and heart felt calm and peaceful.

‘Right. I definitely haven’t died. Then where is this?’

Roan did not carelessly move and looked around while standing straight.

Although he used even the Kalian’s Tears, the visible things were only the pitch-black darkness as expected.

‘It’s a space I simply can’t under.....’

The moment his thoughts reached about that point.

“Oho. Look at this guy. He woke up already?”

“You’re right. And he’s not even panicking much either?”

Strange voices pierced through his ears.

Roan creased his forehead.

He couldn’t guess even from which direction the voices were heard from.

Voices that almost seem to be ringing directly inside his head.

“Who are you? Show yourselves.”

Roan forcefully maintained his calm and spoke in a quiet voice.

Soon the strange voices were heard again.

“Show ourselves?”

“Even though we’ve been here since before?”

The two voices, whether they were male, female, or even a beast, couldn’t even be differentiated.

Roan, with the place he stood as the center, slowly made a turn.

“Hmm.”

Immediately, a quiet groan flowed out.

‘There definitely was no one there, but.....’

But before he knew it, two exceptionally handsome young men were standing behind him.

No, the feeling of neutrality was strong enough to be difficult to distinguish whether they were handsome young men or women just from their looks.

The two people seemed very similar, and also very different.

Although the two people’s facial features were similar enough to be shocking, one person’s hair, eyebrows, and eyes were crimson and the clothes he wore was also a crimson uniform.

On the other hand, the other person was of a black hair, eyebrows, and eyes deeper and blacker than the darkness that filled the space and wore a uniform that was black as well.

And the person of black uniform seemed two, three spans taller than the person of crimson uniform.

Roan deeply breathed in.

“I am Roan Lance.....”

His greeting couldn’t quite continue on.

“We know. You’re Count Roan Lancephil.”

“You’re from a mountain village of the Grain Mountains. A self-made man who started as a mere rank-and-file spearman and became a Rinse Kingdom’s count! Right?”

It was exact.

‘Are they someone who know me?’

Roan creased his forehead.

But the two people were definitely people who weren’t in his memories.

“Ah! And.....”

When Roan was fumbling around his old memories, the person of a crimson uniform and the person of a black uniform were murmuringly conversing between themselves.

“That guy has an incredible secret, right?”

“Right. Right. A secret that ordinary people can never believe!”

The two people looked at each other and grinned, then turned their heads and looked at Roan.

Crimson eyes and black eyes twinkled and shone with light.

The two people’s lips moved simultaneously.

“You died once and came back to the past!”

Words exactly matched and said without a single bit of disharmony.

Roan goggled his eyes.

Completely unexpected words.

His secret that no one knew of abruptly came out.

It wasn’t a time to flip through his old memories.

“Ho, how do.....?”

Roan, who usually don’t panic, greatly shook.

‘Huu.’

For now, he exhaled a long sigh.

He took hold of his greatly shaken heart.

With a stiffly solidified expression, he glared at the two people.

“Who are you?”

Seemingly saying he won’t leave them be if they don’t answer, an incredible pressure flowed out.

At that look, the two people, with playful expressions, pulled their heads back.

“Put some strength out of your eyes since it’s scary.”

“Right, right. It’s not right to be like that between us.”

The two people grinned and moved their steps towards Roan.

And as if extending hands for a handshake, they simultaneously extended their right hands.

“Nice to meet you.”

“It’s a first meeting like this.”

The crimson uniform person and the black uniform person.

The two people made sunny expressions like children.

“My name is.....”

“My name is.....”

The one who went first was the crimson uniform person.

The one who followed was the black uniform person.

“Flamdor.”

“Travias.”

Chapter 213: Amaranth (13)

Flamdor? Traviass?

‘Mana Technique and spear?’

Roan creased his forehead with a confused expression.

‘Have I gone mad?’

It was an exceedingly logical thought.

For a mana technique that didn’t even have a form and a spear that was inorganic to appear with human appearances.

But the even surprising thing was.

‘The more I look, they do seem to be so.’

As more time passed, the crimson uniform person felt like the Flamdor Mana Technique and the black uniform person felt like the Traviass Spear.

Perhaps noticing Roan’s such thought, the crimson uniform person, no, Flamdor cheerfully smiled and bent his head.

“There’s strangely no repulsion, no?”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

This time, Traviass cheerfully smiled and spoke up.

“Of course. You can’t remember, but we’ve met quite many times.”

“We’ve met many times?”

“Yeah. Here at the Vertex.”

“Vertex?”

Roan creased his forehead.

It was a series of simply incomprehensible words.

Flamdor stepped back and opened his arms.

“This space is called the Vertex. It sounds like some grandioso name, but you can call it a very deep place within your head and heart to put it easily.”

“Should we say it’s a place that’s the origin of sanity and emotion?”

Travias added on and casually sat down.

Roan still couldn’t understand it.

“How is such a thing possible? Are you saying Flamdor and Travias aren’t ordinary mana technique and spear?”

As soon as his words finished, the two people immediately nodded their heads.

“Obviously.”

“Of course.”

The two looked at each other and cheerfully smiled, then made jocular expressions.

Roan creased his forehead.

“So you have no plan to reveal your identities?”

Such feeling was strongly felt.

Flamdor and Travias, with expressions saying that was obvious, looked at Roan.

“That’s not something we can tell you.”

“It’s what you have to find out yourself.”

Flamdor turned a full circle on the spot.

“Don’t just train and research, research. Even that stupid Reid didn’t take this long to meet me.”

“Reid? Do you mean the Fire Monarch Reid?”

“Yeah. That bastard. He was called a Fire Monarch. He mutually annihilated himself with the Queen of Water, but he was a rather

nice guy.”

Shocking stories casually popped out as if they were nothing.

With the tip of his forefinger, Flamdor scratched his cheek.

“So I told him he has to always train and research hard, but then he went all high horse just because he got a little stronger than others and then..... tch.”

At those words, Travias, who had been staying quiet, cut in.

“That’s not something you should be saying. Since the reason Reid’s personality became that state was totally because of you. You ate up his sanity.”

Bizarre stories continued.

Flamdor answered with an amazingly bold expression.

“So he should have trained and researched hard so not to get eaten up. Kukuku.”

A horrifying monstrous laugh.

Flamdor’s eyes turned towards Roan.

“That guy too, if it wasn’t just for the Water Spirit King, I could have had just eaten him up at that time..... tch.”

He smacked his lips as if regrettable.

Flamdor, with his finger, pointed at Roan and Travias one after another.

“Roan. You should be thankful to the Water Spirit King and this blacky bastard over here. If it wasn’t for the two bastards, you too could have turn up like Reid, no perhaps like Simon.”

“What do you mean?”

Roan asked in an unexpectedly calm voice.

Flamdor hesitated a bit, then clicked his tongue and spoke.

“Tch. Alright. I’ll tell you this much. The more and more you

learn my mana technique, not you but my strength becomes stronger. If it becomes stronger to a certain degree, I swallow up and eat the sanity of the bastard that was learning the mana technique. Humans see that and say that one became corrupted by fire's power and the personality became tyrannical or temperament, but the fact is slowly losing the sanity."

The Flamdor Mana Technique's hidden secret.

It was the moment the secret of Reid's that violent personality was revealed.

"I planned to also eat you up when you rampaged the first time, but the Water Spirit King appeared out of the blue and then crush down my strength."

His words slowly turned faster.

"I was collecting my breath for a long while after that, but another chance happened this time. A second rampage. Furthermore, at a state where the Spirit King's water energy that was pressing down my strength was gone. I tried to quickly swallow up you brat's sanity, but....."

At that moment, Traviyas brightly smiled and pressed a finger to his chest.

"I intervened."

Flamdor nodded his head.

"I didn't possibly think that this bastard would attack me. Since I didn't know his strength had gotten that big."

At those words, Traviyas looked at Roan.

"Roan. It's thanks to you giving strength to me."

It was true.

Even during the rampage, Roan flowed in majority of the heat to not himself but to the Traviyas Spear.

To particularly nitpick, he had given Flamdor's strength to Traviyas.

Traviyas, using that strength, had once again held back Flamdor's ankle.

If heard by chance, Flamdor seemed like an evil guy and Traviyas seemed like a good guy, but the truth wasn't so.

The two people were existences that weren't good nor bad.

They simply moved following each's own instinct.

"If you were to focus more on training and research, you should be able to suppress me and obtain the real strength. Since me trying to eat your sanity is an instinct and simultaneously like a whipping to make you work a bit harder, so don't hate me so much."

Those were Flamdor's words.

Traviyas's words that followed was also similar.

"Same for me of course. If you want to properly use me, then you'll need much more training and research than now. And I didn't save you from Flamdor so don't be mistaken. I saved myself. Because if you get eaten by that guy, I'll have to stay asleep until another owner shows up again."

Roan, Flamdor, and Traviyas.

The three existences were each of a weird relationship.

Roan, cleaning up the complicated thoughts inside his head, exhaled a long sigh.

"So in the end, everything is decided according to how I do things."

Flamdor slowly nodded his head at those words.

"Right. You'll become my master or become my slave."

"With me, the relationship could forever be cut off, or command

the world.”

Travias too added some words.

Roan didn't carelessly continue on the words and stared at the two people while standing still.

Flamdor and Travias too, grinning, didn't dodge his gaze.

The space that was dark like a pitch-black darkness wobbly rolled.

Flamdor smacked his lips as if regrettable.

“Now's the time to part.”

“It was really nice to see each other face to face and talk. Though it took much longer than I thought..... kuk.”

Travias bizarrely laughed and shook his head.

Flamdor waved his hand as if to say goodbye.

“Since we've seen each other's faces, rampage like the one that happened beforehand won't happen again. But if there's no growth at this state..... you know what happens, right?”

Roan wordlessly nodded his head.

Travias, who was at the side, too raised his hand as if to say goodbye.

“I actually shouldn't be doing this, but I'll give you a slight hint since it's so frustrating. In the last life, your friend took me to the Byron Kingdom and received the Count nobility.”

Instantly, Roan's face stiffly solidified.

The face of the bastard he had thought of as a friend floated up.

‘Traitor bastard.....’

The bastard who forcibly robbed the Travias Spear from him.

Although a long time had passed, his teeth gritted whenever he thought of the event at that time.

Travias cheerfully smiled and added on.

“That guy too, before getting me, wasn’t a particular spearman same as you. But how could he have become a kingdom’s count and received the nickname of a Spear Ghost within merely a year?”

“Hhm.”

A quiet groan leaked out from Roan’s mouth.

It was something he never had thought of, or even wondered about.

Because thinking of that bastard itself was too enraging and painful thing, he simply covered it up and ignored it.

The smile hanging on Travias’s mouth became much deeper.

“He became a Spear Ghost just because of one reason that he had me? You know that’s something impossible, right?”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

‘It’s something absolutely impossible.’

It wasn’t that an incredible spearmanship skill appear just from having the Travias Spear.

If it was so, Roan would already have become a spearman that commanded the continent.

‘So I was the one who merely hold the Travias Spear.’

He merely controlled the length and width as he did battles and hadn’t done any research about the spear at all.

His self felt embarrassing.

The distortion of the surrounding space became more intense.

Flamdor and Travias, fully showing their teeth, brightly smiled.

“Let’s meet often at here, Vertex.”

“The more you become stronger, this space too will slowly change. No.....”

The two people looked at each other for a moment, then added on in one voice.

“Everything will change.”

That was the end.

Flamdor and Travias, as if they didn't exist from the start, disappeared without even a trace.

Simultaneously.

Paat!

A bright light exploded in front of his eyes.

“Kuuk!”

Roan unawaresly clenched his teeth and tightly closed his eyes.

“Sir Lancephil!”

Suddenly, a sweet voice was heard through the edge of his ears.

Roan opened the eyes he closed and turned his head searching for the owner of the voice.

No, there wasn't even a need to turn his head.

Right in front of his nose, she who he yearned for even in his sleep was there.

“Aily.”

Raspingly hoarse voice.

Aily, wiping away the watery eyes that seemed like tears would immediately pour out of, nodded her head.

“Yes. It's me. I'm right here. Sir Lancephil.”

The beautiful voice poured down like soft flakes of snow.

Roan faintly smiled and raised his hand.

The tip of his fingers brushed Aily's hair.

“Aily. I have a favor to ask.....”

“Yes. Please speak. Whatever it is, I’ll listen to them all.”

Aily held Roan’s hand and nodded her head.

The smile hanging on Roan’s mouth turned much thicker.

“Could you call me Roan now and not Lancephil? No.....”

The tip of his voice slightly shook.

“It’ll be even nicer if you called me orabeoni.”

An unexpected request.

Aily without noticing herself snickered out a laugh.

She caressed the back of Roan’s hand and nodded her head.

“Alright. I’ll call you that as much as you want.”

Her beautiful voice sweetly melted.

“Roan orabeoni.”

The news that Roan had woken up was soon known to the people.

Due to a loud cheer that exploded from the mansion he was staying at.

The Lancephil Fief Regiment as well as the Miller Castle’s citizens all swarmed to the mansion.

“Roan! Roan! Roan! Roan!”

“Lancephil! Lancephil! Lancephil! Lancephil!”

The cheers chanting Roan shook the sky and earth.

Smiles blossomed on people’s faces and red rose petals flew everywhere.

It closely brought a festival to mind.

But the actual mood in the bedroom where Roan stayed couldn’t be bright.

“Do you really have to go now? Rest a bit more and go.....”

Aily sighed with a worried expression.

Roan, who wore his armor, cheerfully smiled and shook his head.

“It’s already the third day since the capital, Miller, was conquered. Even now is too late.”

His gaze went towards Chris.

Chris, as if he had been waiting, instantly answered.

“According to the information Sir Ian, no, Director Ian gave and those we separately have gathered, simply unspeakably cruel acts are currently being carried out in the Longfort Castle area. Not only that, monsters are moving as a horde at the Grain Mountains located west of the Longfort Castle.”

Roan slowly nodded his head.

‘It’s same as the last life.’

Although the time was different, the flowing process was similar enough to raise goosebumps.

‘There is no more time to dither.’

A precariously tight situation even if they were to immediately march right now.

Roan tightly clenched his fist and looked at the youthful young man standing next to Chris.

“Ian. I’ve ended up receiving a big help twice already.”

Naturally passed words.

The youthful young man’s identity was Ian.

Ian faintly smiled and shook his head.

“What do you mean help..... I’ve already decided to follow the lord, so I’ve merely done what I obviously have to do as a subordinate.”

Although still youthful, it was a somehow powerful voice.

Roan looked at Ian with a proud expression.

‘To think that Ian became my subordinate.....’

Still a dazing feeling.

Ian Phillips visiting Roan was not very long after Roan had regained consciousness.

Ian, as soon as he met Roan, had kneeled down on one knee and requested employment.

The reason was simple.

As the throne succession war intensified, numerous nobles fell to beheading and distinguished noble houses were exterminated.

In this process, Count Phillips House too had its fief, wealth, and soldiers all taken away and was house arrested in the Miller’s mansion because of a reason that it hadn’t actively supported Simon.

Ian originally planned to go find Kallum and request employment but changed his mind at the Evishun’s report that soon followed.

‘Prince Kallum too is treating the kingdom’s citizens cruelly in order to take the throne.’

In the end, it meant that there was no one amongst the royalty’s people that could be trusted and followed.

Naturally, he searched for who might be the most fitting as a king outside the bloodline.

‘No. There wasn’t even a need to search.’

Only one man.

There was a man who was close to the ideal monarch that Ian thought of.

‘Sir Count Roan Lancephil.’

He wasn't a man simply with abilities.

He was a man who knew how to care for and love the citizens more than anyone.

Ian deeply inhaled and looked straight at Roan.

A spark jumped from a place deep inside his eyes.

Roan quietly stared at Ian and made a faint smile.

"Ian. I will be needing your help a lot from now on."

At those words, Ian instantly answered with a pleased expression.

"I will support as much as needed, sir."

Roan nodded his head with a proud expression and then looked around.

Aily, Chris, and Ian as well as the core commanders including Austin were all staring at him with resolute expressions.

Roan tapped his chest with his right fist.

"We go to the Longfort Castle."

A powerful voice.

"We will save the kingdom's citizens. But....."

The gazes became hotter.

"There is something to do before that."

At those words, everyone formed puzzled expressions.

Roan's gaze turned towards the plaza outside of a window.

"I will declare my intent to all."

The work he should have done a long ago.

Roan had to announce to all that he no longer pledged loyalty to the Rinse Royalty.

There might still be someone amongst the commanders or

soldiers who swear loyalty to the royalty.

If he were to tell them to aim their swords at the royalty without giving any explanation, they could fall into a big confusion by themselves.

No, they could even feel agonized.

Roan didn't wish for his soldiers to experience such an awful pain.

"Austin."

Quietly calling sound.

"Yes. My lord."

Austin quickly lowered his head.

Looking at the outside still boiling with the sound of cheers, Roan spoke in a quiet voice.

"Gather the entire army outside the west gate. I will reveal my intent to them."

The order fell down.

"Yes sir!"

Together with a salute, Austin answered with a powerful voice.

A moment later, the Lancephil Fief Regiment lined up on the field in front of the west gate following the commands of the core commanders including Austin.

Also following Roan's desire, few amongst the Miller Castle's citizens too stood at one side.

"What is it? What's going on?"

"Is he going to do a marching speech?"

"Nah. What marching speech in this situation....."

"He must have some other reason."

Murmuring sounds were heard from everywhere.

At that moment.

Ppabababam! Ppabam! Ppababam!

A sound that hit not the ears but chests rang out.

It was the performance of the Lancephil Fief's official military band Milta.

“.....”

The murmuring sounds died down.

Simultaneously.

Roan appeared on the tall stage that was provisionally made.

A majestic look wearing crimson helmet, armor, and mantle.

The mantle flutters following the southern wind.

Gulp.

Everyone dryly swallowed.

At the august that gently flowed out, reverence was naturally had.

‘That sir is our lord!’

The Lancephil Fief Regiment's soldiers, at the pride that filled up to their throats, fully opened their chests.

Meanwhile, the Milta Military Band's performance that grandly rang out ended.

The gazes of the Lancephil Fief Regiment and the Miller Castle's citizens headed towards Roan who was standing alone on the stage.

Tens of thousands of pairs of eyes.

Roan looked back at those gazes with calm eyes.

A moment of silence.

Soon, Roan's voice broke the field's silence.

“First and foremost, I am grateful and thank the Lancephil Fief

Regiment that bravely fought and the Miller Castle's citizens."

He applauded to the many people's spirits and patience that had led the battle that was fierce for a long time.

Deeply moved light floated up on the faces of the soldiers and the castle's residents.

At that moment, Roan above the stage abruptly bowed at his waist.

"I wish for you to forgive he who will once again lead you to the harsh battlefields."

A count of the kingdom bowed.

He bowed for the soldiers and the commoners.

The deeply moved light that floated up on the soldiers and the citizens' faces became even stronger.

Roan deeply breathed in.

Now was the time to bring up the main topic.

"I plan to directly march towards the Longfort Castle and execute Simon."

A short wave broke on the faces of the soldiers and the citizens.

Gulp.

Everyone dryly swallowed.

In truth, it was something they predicted to a certain degree.

From the moment he attacked the capital, Miller, they had predicted such situation.

Due to that, they did not receive a bigger shock than they had thought.

But Roan's statement that soon followed were words they truly did not expect.

"I am no longer a retainer of the Rinse Royalty."

Boom.

The faces of the soldiers and the castle's residents stiffly solidified.

‘Wha, what is he saying?’

‘He, he’s no longer a retainer?’

Bewildered looks were plain.

Roan, without minding them, continued on.

Strength slowly went into his voice.

“I plan to become not the royalty’s retainer but a retainer of the kingdom’s citizens.”

The sound that made hearts race pierced through the ears.

It was the moment that the thought Roan held from the moment he first entered the throne succession war was finally passed to everyone.

“Our families, our close friends, our friends, our neighbors..... our precious ties whom we laughed and spoke together with are passing painful days. Someone must save them.”

Roan tightly clenched his fist.

“I had thought that Simon, Tommy, Kallum..... the Rinse Royalty’s bloodline would be able to do so. But they instead thoughtlessly trampled and violated the kingdom’s citizens.”

Uddk.

The Lancephil Fief Regiment and the castle’s citizens unconsciously clenched their fists tight.

The strength that started from their palms rode their veins and flowed into their hearts.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

The hearts fiercely raced.

Roan's speech continued.

"I plan to save the kingdom's citizens from the immoral beings."

The southern wind slowly became fiercer.

The crimson mantle violently fluttered.

"I will say again, I am no longer a retainer of the Rinse Royalty."

The voice cut through the field.

"Those who pledge loyalty to the royalty may leave me. You may curse, point, and call me a traitor."

He was honest.

He had no thought of harming them.

"I won't pressure you to go together with me. No, your life right now may instead become perilous if you were to go with me. You may not be able to achieve wealth, honor, or power. But....."

Roan's eyes twinkled with a bright light.

"If you fight together with me, your children will no longer go hungry, tremble in the cold, or end their own life from harsh tax. Your descendants will be able to live in a world where anyone could achieve one's dream if one endeavor."

That was the world Roan dreamed of.

No, it was the world that everyone including the soldiers of the Lancephil Fief Regiment and the Miller Castle's citizens dreamed of.

Roan loudly shouted aloud.

"You will leave your names in history! As the heroes who ended a cruel world and opened a new world."

Gulp.

The soldiers and the castle's citizens dryly gulped with flushed expressions.

Roan exhaled a long sigh.

The speech raced to its end.

“Flowers do not blossom on their own.”

If they do nothing, nothing would change.

That was the truth.

“Let us sow the seeds.”

A work that someone must do.

“Let us enrich the world with our sweat, blood, and tears.”

Sacrifice.

A noble value.

Roan added on with an expression full of certainty.

“The flower will blossom.”

The soldiers and the citizens once again tightly clenched their fists.

Their chests greatly shook.

Roan, looking at everyone, slowly, word by word, spoke out the words.

“With our sweat, blood, and tears, forever unwithering flowers will blossom.”

Even the wind stopped.

The entire world was silent.

A feeling as if even the world was leaning its ears towards Roan’s words.

“Under the name of Amaranth, those who will fight together with me.”

Roan raised his right hand above his head.

The clenched fist sharply trembled.

“Raise your fists.”

Any more words were not needed.

There was no one who opened his or her mouth.

There was no need to speak.

Sss.

There was nothing to discuss of who was first.

More than twenty thousand Lancephil Fief Regiment’s soldiers and the Miller Castle’s citizens slowly raised their right hands.

The fists that rose above the heads sharply trembled.

The clenched fist shouted in place of the mouths.

< We will fight together! >

At the sight that spread before his eyes, Roan exhaled a long sigh.

His heart expanded as if to burst.

It took a truly long time to come this far.

Now there was one thing left.

Roan fully opened the fist he had clenched.

“All army!”

A sonorous voice.

The fully open fingers pointed towards the west.

At that end was the Longfort Castle.

Finally, the order had fallen.

“March!”

Simultaneously.

“Yes sir!”

The Lancephil Fief Regiment answered in once voice.

Enough for the sky and the earth to shake.

Soon following, the Milta Military Band performed.

The Miller Castle's citizens quickly moved back to one side and cheered.

“Waaaaaah!”

“Roan Lancephil! Roan Lancephil!”

Putting his back to the pouring cheers, Roan led the Lancephil Fief Regiment and headed towards the west.

Of course, he didn't forget to leave behind a garrison.

The line that tailed long extended towards the west.

The citizens stood on their spot until the end of the line disappeared.

There were number of hobos amongst them, and an old man whose clothes were ragged and whose beard was shaggy exhaled short sighs one after another.

“Huu. Hu. Not the royalty's retainer but a retainer of the kingdom's citizens.....”

A voice that for some reason complicated feelings could be felt from.

“Huu. What to do of this.....”

The old man, perhaps feeling stuffy, slightly raised the weird straw mat he had deeply worn to the nose.

The face that revealed for an instant.

Shockingly, he was Duke Francis Wilson who had moved the Rinse Royal Family's crest and the national seal somewhere.

He exhaled a long sigh, then once again deeply wore the straw mat.

“Even though the qualifications to be the owner of the royal family's crest and the national seal is plenty.....”

Once again, the voice tangled with complicated feelings rolled on the ground.

Francis couldn't restrain himself and deeply dropped his head.

“Huu.”

A long sigh touched the ground.

And with a very small voice, he murmured barely or barely not audibly.

“Is the Rinse Royalty truly at an end like this.....”

That was something to be watched.

Chapter 214: Amaranth (14)

“Are we really okay to be like this, sir?”

“We received an order to closely monitor him, sir.”

“If something were to happen while we’re like this.....”

Beings deeply wearing thick robes murmured in worried voices.

Their gazes headed towards above an arm-wide tree.

A young man of beautiful appearance, who unlike others was taking off the robe alone, cheerfully smiled and shook his head.

“There’s no need to worry. Since that guy, he’s nothing much compared to what they think.”

A voice full of certainty.

The young man’s skin was whiter than flour and his ears were much pointier than ordinary people.

The young man who was sitting on the wide tree and the ones below who were deeply wearing robes were not humans but all elves.

“‘He’s an incredibly dangerous and smart man so monitor him thoroughly’? Huhuhu. Even so, it’s at a level of humans.”

Somewhat arrogant voice and expression.

He looked towards the south and formed a bright smile.

Far away, the Mediasis Castle was faintly visible.

“Even if something were to happen, we can run there in no time and resolve it. Don’t worry so much and all of you rest well. Since you should be tired because of the monitoring that continued for months.”

“But.....”

The elves wearing robes were still of worried voices.

The young elf faintly frowned.

“You can’t trust my words? From your eyes, does that man called Clay look that dangerous?”

Snappily asking sound.

The elves wearing robes quickly shook their heads.

“O, of course not sir!”

It was the truth.

Clay.

Although they were monitoring him because of an order, he didn’t seem to be an individual who particularly seemed dangerous or needed to be guarded against.

He certainly did show excellent appearance in fief administration or ration supplying, but only at that much degree.

However they thought, he wasn’t an individual who could be a danger to the actions of the Queen of the Elves, Piscis.

Furthermore, the power of druids that was the most foundational amongst the powers Clay had were on the contrary and basically originated from elves.

Perhaps not between humans, but when elves looked at him, Clay was only and merely a human slightly smarter than average humans.

“All of you rest plentifully and preserve your stamina instead. Since it seems the queen has showed herself. A large war will soon begin. We will use our strength at that time.”

At the young elf’s words, the elves wearing robes hesitated for a moment, then slightly lowered their heads.

Although their hearts felt uncomfortable as it felt like they were going against Piscis’s order, but at the same time, a complacent thought that what could possibly happen also was held.

They turned their heads and glanced at the south where the Mediasis Castle was, then soon scattered into places deep inside forests.

A plan to receive the forests' spirit and deeply rest for a while.

Thanks to that, the tight net of guard and surveillance became lax.

Luck, which was just as important as skill and talent, had moved towards Clay.

‘Huu. Just how did it come to this?’

Clay stood at an office windowsill and exhaled a long sigh.

‘I merely wanted to serve a good person and change the world at first, but.....’

A good person.

Of course, a merely good person was troublesome.

The person had to have even the strength and ability that could change the world.

At the same time, the person had to recognize his ability and give fair treatment.

‘I thought that if it was the Lord, he was someone worth serving.’

In fact, Roan held the strength and ability to change the world and was a good person who even had the heart to widely care for and cherish many people.

But only one thing.

‘Even though I have raised so many achievements until now, just because of a single reason that I had spied and eavesdropped.....’

Roan took away Clay's every status and power, then dropped him to the very bottom.

In that process, Clay for the first time felt defeat and powerlessness.

He was embarrassed, and so raged.

A crack formed on his pride.

Originally, Clay was of a personality that only felt satisfied when treated as much as his ability.

He slowly prepared a revenge.

The noble intent to unfold his abilities for the world and his master's teachings were long forgotten.

The leisure in his heart that he would go into the mountains and spend the rest of his life reading books if there was no one good enough for him to serve too had disappeared.

Blinded by his abilities and talent, Clay became unable to see the ideal that he had originally dreamed of.

‘If there is no one particularly worth serving, I can personally change the world.’

If it were his talent and abilities, it should be plentifully possible.

No, it was possible.

‘The preparation to fly up too is already finished.’

Now was the time to slowly flap his wings.

Clay turned around and looked at the man lined up on one side of the office.

“Duke Webster has died.”

Truthfully, he was bewildered when he first heard the news.

‘Since he was my reliable back up.’

But even so, his plan was not caught on a brake.

Clay instead planned to take the unexpected situation as a chance to rise to a place a level higher.

“We will take over the Duke Webster House.”

As a matter of fact, a situation where the druids he commanded

like limbs had already taken places in the Webster Duchy.

Seizing the Duke House and the Duchy that had fallen into chaos wasn't a very difficult work.

“Take this.”

Clay extended a thick bundle of paper.

One amongst the immensely ordinary-looking men stepped forwards and received that bundle.

“What is this, sir?”

“It's the Count Lancephil House and the fief's fortunes that I had furtively liquidated.”

If possible, he wanted to liquidate the mana stone mine or the numerous companies, but Roan had completely controlled those sides.

If thoughtlessly touched, a trouble might instead be raised.

“They're things whose cleanup is already finished, so carefully move them to the Webster Duchy.”

At those words, the men reading the bundle of paper asked in worried voices.

“Even this much is an incredible amount. Is it possible to secretly move this much amount, sir?”

“Even if we say that we could somehow slip through the castle gate, we won't be able to pass through the fief gateway, sir.”

“Since the Lancephil County's gateway sentries are famous to be meticulous, sir.”

At the worries that poured down, Clay formed a faint smile.

“I have already moved my hand on that side.”

It was a voice composed but full of certainty.

‘However much the lord is virtuous and brilliant.....’

Nothing said that the subordinates below him were all clean.

Wasn't his inside already black?

The Count Lancephil House was currently one of the strongest powers in the Rinse Kingdom.

Although talented individuals were racing and flocked up thanks to that, petty individuals who were blinded with power, wealth, and honor were also swarming just as much.

Clay had conciliated and persuaded those with talent amongst them and made them into his side.

That was an extremely simple and easy task.

'Since I can simply promise 200 to those who want 100.'

Something Roan could never do.

Roan's fairness had instead worked as a poison.

Compared to him, Clay gave all one wanted, even if somewhat excessive, as long as one had abilities.

Thanks to that, he was able to subtly form his own faction inside the Lancephil County.

"Then we will now go, sir."

The men, at Clay's words, greatly relaxed and soon exited out of the office.

Clay, who was left alone, checked the numerous plans inside his head.

At that moment.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Together with a sound of knocking on the door, a familiar voice was heard.

"Administer Clay. It's me, Pichio."

Clay's forehead faintly creased.

‘Why does the Captain of the Mediasis Guards Pichio want me?’

A sudden visit.

‘Did he perhaps feel something?’

His powerful sixth sense was something Clay too was vigilant against.

Clay thought for a moment, then let out a cough.

“Please come in.”

Already, a faint smile hanged on his faint.

Ggiig.

Soon the door opened and Pichio appeared.

His expression was somehow urgent and the color of his face was white.

Pichio slightly lowered his head, then spoke in a sharply trembling voice.

“Administer Clay. Please save me.”

“Princess. It seems we have to change our destination.”

Princess Katy’s guardian knight Abel Raimos lowered his head with an apologetic expression.

Katy, on whom a tired look was clear from the arduous journey, asked with a puzzled look in her eyes.

“What do you mean, we have to change our destination?”

“That is.....”

Abel hesitated for a moment, then answered in a quiet voice.

“It seems his majesty the king is not in the capital, Miller, but in the Longfort Castle located on the edge of the Grain Mountains in the west.”

It was the news that his subordinate knight had heard just now while going to a nearby town to purchase commodities.

Thankfully or tragically, they still hadn't heard the news that Roan had attacked and conquered the capital, Miller.

“Hmm.”

Katy, together with a quiet groan, turned her head and looked at Pierce.

Naturally, the Abel's gaze as well as those of numerous knights too headed towards Pierce.

Pierce, looking at the uncomfortable gazes that suddenly poured down towards him, made an awkward smile.

“Why are you looking at me?”

“That is.....”

Abel couldn't easily continue his words.

Pierce's destination was still the capital, Miller.

On the other hand, Katy's goal had now changed to the Longfort Castle.

Meaning that they couldn't continue together their journey any longer.

But.

‘Now is a situation where we can't tell who is enemy and who is ally.’

Because of the limited information, Abel couldn't properly grasp the current situation.

Although Simon was the main instigator of everything, he still thought that it was the numerous nobles rising in revolt.

‘The situation isn't good. We need Pierce.’

Pierce's might was a level equal to a knight order or above.

At least for Katy's safety, he was absolutely needed.

But even so, they couldn't forcibly demand him to accompany them.

'It's not even close with skill or pure force, and he isn't a person who would yield to authority and power.'

The inside of his mouth tightly dried.

Unable to do this or that, he merely rolled his eyes this way and that.

At that moment.

"Could you please take me to the Longfort Castle?"

Katy looked straight into Pierce's eyes.

They weren't expression and voice of obstinately demanding.

Instead, a plaintive and desperate look that couldn't be seen before.

Pierce cheerfully smiled and shook his head.

"No. I don't think that can be. I have to go to the capital, Miller."

A knife-like refusal.

"Hmm."

Numerous knights including Abel leaked groans with uncomfortable looks.

They hadn't known that he would refuse so coldly.

Katy wordlessly stared at Pierce, then slowly nodded her head.

"I understand. I can't force you. Then let's separate about here."

"Yes. Then I will now be going....."

Pierce quickly lowered his head, then gathered his things and moved his steps.

A look without a hint of hesitation.

Katy, Abel, and the knights, for a while, stared at Pierce's back.

A heavy silence hanged.

"Princess. It would be good if we soon start as well."

Abel spoke up first.

Katy, still chasing Pierce's back with her eyes, wordlessly nodded her head.

Soon, Katy and the knights, with Abel at the lead, moved their steps towards the west.

The goal was the Longfort Castle.

It was the land of the dead where a dark shadow hanged.

"Now it'll soon be Infec region, sir."

The commander who led the scouting party pointed towards the west.

Infec was a place located in Rinse Kingdom's West and the majority of the region was made up of mountains.

Currently, the Longfort Castle where Simon was gathering his force was located in the west even inside the Infec Region.

Roan, who was leading the Lancephil Fief Regiment, moved while riding a warhorse and looked at the Infec Region.

When he flowed mana into the Kalian's Tears, a place far away was seen largely clearly as if it was in front of his nose.

'Hmm.'

Roan's face slightly twisted.

'Has it already begun.....'

The sight of the Infec Region that spread before his eyes.

That sight was in one word desolation itself.

The season was now passing through Midsummer.

Greens overgrowing and life overflowing was normal.

But the trees of the Infec Region were all twisted dry and the earth was plainly revealing its dark-brown flesh.

Even more, big and small rivers were of almost dried out appearances.

‘It should be because of the Legion of Dark.’

It was the same even in the last life.

When Simon awakened as the Mad Monarch and began to rampage, he created the Legion of Dark.

Every place the Legion of Dark marched and conquered, it spread aura of death.

‘In the last life, we didn’t know the exact reason.’

At first, they thought that it was a type of black magic or an undead legion that used evil mana.

But the Legion of Dark actually showed absolutely no reaction to holy knights and priests’ holy power.

People’s prediction had comically missed.

Ultimately, the identity of the Legion of Dark fell into the unknown.

But it was different in this life.

Roan precisely grasped their identity.

It was thanks to the hexers’ memories.

‘It’s similar to undead, but to be exact, it could be called a doll legion made with hex.’

The hexers, who had awakened Simon as the Mad Monarch, placed on living humans as well as corpses a powerful hex and made a puppet legion that they could control as much as they

wished.

‘Things called hex dolls.....’

The biggest difference between hex dolls and undead was that while undead destroyed the land of a region with the aura of death it exuded itself, the hex dolls sucked up the life around them and desertified the region.

The hex dolls used the life around them as energy.

‘Thankfully, they cannot revive once killed until the hex is placed again unlike the undead.’

In short, it meant that they weren’t difficult enemies as long as they do not panic and become afraid.

But.

‘The corpses used as hex dolls are.....’

It was a problem that they were families and friends of soldiers who they had to personally clash swords and fight with.

In the last life, numerous soldiers held hearts at the tips of their swords and lost their lives from the hex dolls’ attacks while hesitating.

The hexers then revived the dead soldiers’ corpses again as hex dolls and the Legion of Dark rapidly expanded its power the more it repeated battle.

‘Here, even monster legion joins in.’

And not just ordinary monsters, but the much more powerful and atrocious monsters of the Grain Mountains.

‘It will be an arduous fight in many ways.’

A battle they hadn’t experience until now would unfold.

Roan deeply breathed in.

In no time, the head of the legion neared the edge of the Infec Region.

Neeen!

The cavalry that was leading the legion's head faltered and stopped.

The warhorses cried out long and hesitated going forwards.

They had detected the thick aura of death that radiated from the land.

'It's same in this life. It became a difficult battle because of this.'

Roan brushed the warhorse's neck with his palm and spurred the horse.

Clop. Clop.

The warhorses shook their necks left and right and moved their steps.

Finally, the Lancephil Fief Regiment entered the Infec Region.

"Uat! What is this, this goose bumping feeling....."

"Doesn't it smell like there's a rotting smell?"

"Besides that, look at the scene around us. This here's a completely different world."

The soldiers murmured and sharply shook their bodies.

A completely different world had unfolded when they stepped over a single line.

Roan raised his fist and halted the march.

Suddenly.

Kkggeuaaaaaa!

With a bizarre sound, the dark-brown earth trembled.

Simultaneously.

Ppssck!

Weapons where dark-red blood clots were disorderly stained

thrusted up above the earth.

They were truly an uncanny sight.

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